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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

The Maryknoll Fathers

Review by
Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE of Maryknoll is memorable in the history of American Catholicism. The Maryknoll story is an epic filled with heavenly coincidence, trust in providence, adventure, hardship, martyrdom, and the type of selfless devotion identified with the early Church.

The establishment of a Foreign Mission Society in the U.S. as early as 1911 was an improbability, yet it happened because nothing is impossible with God. The American Church during the reign of Pius X (1903-1914) had recently lifted itself from the status of a missionary country.

Scant wonder that St. Pius exclaimed, when the founders of Maryknoll asked his permission to begin their work, "Americans in the missions? So soon?"

The two founders, Fathers James

**Age TWO Years,
Weight...
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Suppose YOU were this mother in Africa, watching helplessly as slow starvation kept killing the silent child in your arms?

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And suppose the kind missionaries there, who hadn't ever met you before, lovingly took YOUR dying child as their own and saved his tiny life with their medicines and salves, vitamins and baby foods.

Then wouldn't YOU easily understand what they told you of the charity of Christians and the mercy of Christ and the love of God?

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Anthony Walsh and Thomas Frederick Price, were considered visionaries of a sort. Men of ideas, yes. The ideas appeared to come faster than the money to promote them or the prudence that indicated success. Yet both men had chalked up equivalent successes. Father Price had founded an orphanage and established a polemical magazine called *Truth*. Father Walsh was editor of the *Field Afar*, and Boston diocesan director of the Propagation of the Faith.

How did they do it? Two eminent men of vision opened the way: Cardinal Gibbons with the American bishops, Cardinal Farley with a welcome to his diocese, money, and advice at times of crisis.

Father Price, the first foreign director, died within a short time after his arrival in China. Despite this blow, the young Community was an almost instant success.

To many who had worked with Father Price, the man with the casual and impatient ways, dressed in a battered old suit and high shoes, seemed something of an enigma.

First successes were brilliant in China, Korea, and Manchuria. Converts flocked; the Orient was thrilled with these new apostles filled with tireless zeal. But, as it happened to the great St. Paul, success brought with it many sorrows: there were perilous journeys, there were perils from robbers, wars, and changing times.

There were martyrs too: Father Donovan, who died among bandits

with a rope biting into the flesh of his neck; Bishop Ford, humiliated in a Chinese jail; the great Bishop Walsh, still living the slow martyrdom of a prison camp.

Fifty years written in flame and blood! Written with smiles and laughter! Fifty golden years in time and eternity!

Glen Kittler has told the entire story with admirable frankness and meticulous care. It is a story of great men and significant deeds suffused with tremendous sentiment.

With sure realism and manly understatement, Kittler examines the record, decade by decade. He never hesitates to picture men and events exactly as they were. Among these many priceless portraits is that of Father Pat Byrne, a close prisoner in Japan during the recent war, writing his *Japanese Grammar for Boneheads*, because in spite of his brilliance he found Oriental languages hard to learn.

One of the unfailing tests of a fine book is that when opened at random it will at once engross the attention of the reader. *The Maryknoll Fathers* is such a book.

Fitting it is that the saga of those 50 years should close with the brave story of Bishop James Walsh. He could have left China, but he elected to stay. If he left China, the Church would lose face. If he remained, a light would shine during his lifetime.

Bishop Walsh, as Kittler shows deftly, refused to make a drama of

his decision to remain. The bishop's last interview with his brother, Judge Walsh, in August, 1960, is packed with emotional dynamite.

When the first shock of meeting was over, the judge tried many subjects of conversation only to have them cut off by the bishop's guard. Finally the judge asked, "May we smoke?"

"Yes."

The judge took out a pack and offered his brother one. "Do you get the packages of cigarettes we send you?"

"Yes, I have plenty. I'm not allowed to smoke much, so they last."

"I brought you a gift from your graduating class at Mount St. Mary's—a gold rosary. But the guard took it from me."

"I suppose he would."

"Do you have a rosary, James?"

"No. Nothing. No breviary, no religious books. Nothing."

"You don't say Mass?"

"No."

"Maybe they'll let you have the gold rosary some day."

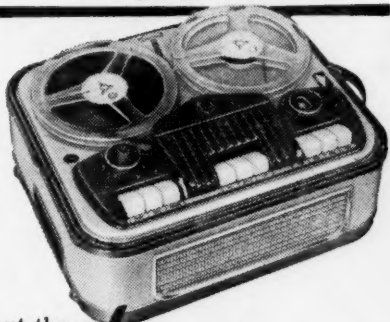
"I don't think so. It would be considered a nonessential item. But that's all right, Bill. I still have these." He held up his ten fingers.

The Maryknoll Fathers is a book you can't afford to miss. It is published by the World Publishing Co., New York City, at \$5 (but only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join, write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD 16, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

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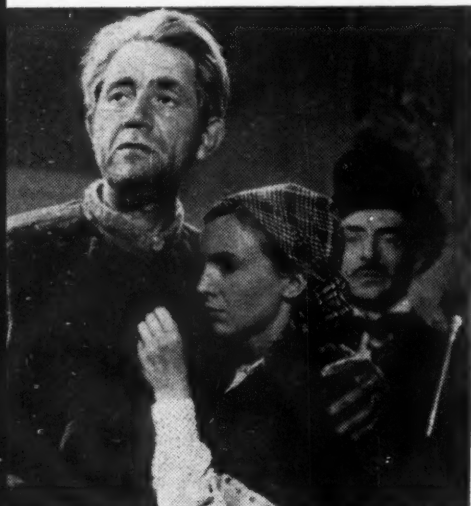
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By Kay Sullivan

Bernadette's Story Filmed With Charm

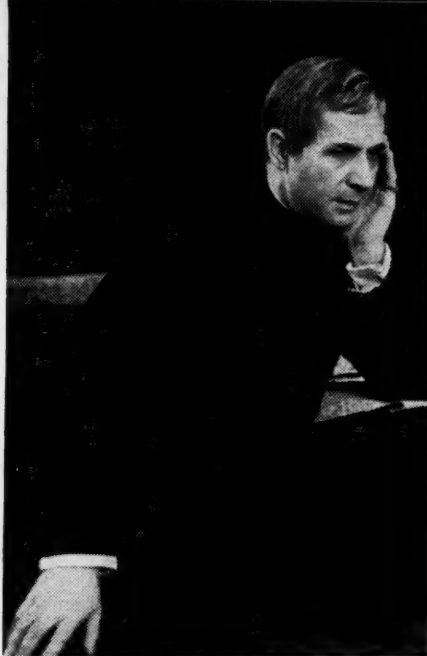


Bernadette's father defends her.

When French author Gilbert Cesbron wrote the screenplay for **Bernadette of Lourdes** his aim was "to show both images of Bernadette—the simple girl from Nevers and the revered saint of Lourdes." He and his associates have succeeded admirably. The new French film is an inspiring biography, heightened by authentic scenes of the Nevers convent and of Lourdes. Newcomer Daniele Ajoret of the Comedie Française portrays Bernadette with glowing sincerity. The Legion of Decency recommends this motion picture as "a superior religious drama."

Bernadette tells young friends how our Lady appeared to her.





Leo Genn

Theater

Leo Genn gives a tantalizing performance in the title role of **The Devil's Advocate**. As Msgr. Blaise Meredith, a dying English priest sent to an Italian village to uncover the truth about claims of sainthood for a dead soldier, he not only succeeds in his mission but gains new fervor and love himself.

In this absorbing drama about man's search for God, splendidly adapted from Morris L. West's best-selling novel by Dore Schary, all of the performances are superlative. Among them are Sam Levene's brusquely gentle Jewish doctor, eager to please in a community that has never quite accepted him; Edward Mulhare's enigmatic and restrained mystic; Tresa Hughes' powerful young peasant mother; and Olive Deering's worldly, confused Contessa.

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The TOO EXPENSIVE WEDDING

At best it is in bad taste; at worst it shifts the emphasis from the real meaning of marriage

By Philip Reaves

Condensed from "Marriage"*



PERHAPS it's merely another sign of the affluent society, but pastors say that too many Catholic weddings are becoming enormously expensive. Even the sacramental nature of the ceremony sometimes seems submerged in social formality.

Consider one wedding that took place in a certain parish not long ago. The bride wore a \$300 satin dress and matching \$50 veil; the groom was dressed in conventional cutaway and striped trousers. Deployed around them were six bridesmaids, each in satin, and six groomsmen in full formal attire. Banked on the

altar were great tiers of flowers that dwarfed the bridal party.

A few blocks away, a hired hall was being readied for the reception. Three hundred places had been set for dinner. Seven cases of champagne were on ice. A four-piece orchestra was tuning up. A photographer was preparing to snap candid photos, and a caterer was making a last-minute check of details.

The wedding itself was brief. The bride had decided not to have a nuptial Mass. Yet at this point, the whole tableau represented more than a year of preparation and the expenditure of \$3,000.

A society wedding? No. The bride, 19, was a stenographer, the daughter of a working widow. The

*St. Meinrad, Ind. May, 1961. © 1961 by St. Meinrad Archabbey, and reprinted with permission.

bridegroom was a college student. And, as the bride admitted sheepishly, the wedding was not unusual. Most of her friends' weddings had matched it in splendor.

To many immature couples, the wedding day seems more important than all the years to follow. They spend more time choosing the brand of champagne and deciding the number of bridesmaids than in reflection on the meaning of marriage. The bridegroom is downgraded into the bride's supernumerary; he may never recover his place in the family.

"Today's fancy wedding is simply one more example of the materialistic outlook of today's young couples," says Father George Kelly of the Family Life bureau, Archdiocese of New York. "Newlyweds now want to begin married life with all the possessions their parents spent 25 years accumulating. Their wedding

must be on a scale their parents could never have dreamed of.

"Pressed by these demands, the couple often gets into a financial predicament from which they may never escape. The husband takes a second job. The wife keeps her job. They live in fear of her first pregnancy, for to them a child would be an intruder. The whole marriage climate becomes tinged with fear and tension. And yet these early years should be the most joyous ones of marriage."

Many clergymen agree with Father Kelly that expensive weddings can set the whole marriage off to a false start. Though St. Paul identifies him as head of the household, today's husband may begin his married life as the forgotten man. The wedding revolves around the bride, who, with her mother, makes most of the decisions. About all that is required of the groom is that he show up.

In other places, such as Ireland and the Scandinavian countries, bridegroom and bride share the spotlight. It used to be that way in the U. S., too.

"When I was a young priest," says Msgr. John Landry, of the Church of the Assumption, Westport, Conn., "a couple often married on practically nothing. The girl's mother made her dress, and her aunts and cousins baked the wedding cake and prepared the other refreshments. The reception was held in the largest home in the family."



But today, the function of relatives has been taken over by caterer, florist, photographer, dressmaker, bartender, and musician. There may even be a "bridal consultant" hired from the local department store.

Like most priests who officiate at an unusually large number of weddings, Father Michael Kitson of suburban Deer Park, N. Y., is disturbed about the professionals who have moved in on weddings. "Sometimes it seems as if the bride and bridegroom are merely actors in a pageant, moving like wooden images through their parts," Father Kitson says. "Everyone has more to say about the wedding than they have, from the bride's mother to the people who make hoops for the hoop skirts."

Bridal brainwashing has become a multimillion-dollar business. Each year, some 1½ million weddings are performed. One recent survey of 1,000 weddings showed that the majority of middle-income families spent a fifth of their gross annual income on a daughter's wedding. A survey by Drs. Herbert J. Miles and Ray F. Koonce of Carson-Newman college, Jefferson City, Tenn., found that some \$6,000-a-year families ran up wedding bills of \$10,000, which they paid off on the installment plan.

The average bride (or her father), according to the wedding industry, spends \$160 for her dress and \$30 for her veil; \$150 for flowers and decorations; \$80 for photographs; \$150 for wedding invitations and postage. Her trousseau comes to \$500. Her

bridegroom pays just over \$400 for the engagement ring and just under \$100 for the wedding ring.

After the ball is over, the bride's father faces a bill of more than \$600 for the reception. The average couple spends two weeks on the honeymoon at a cost of nearly \$400.

Time was when one bridal shower per bride was considered sufficient. Today almost every bride expects at least two. Many have five or six, and a new trend is evident toward showers for the bridegroom.

A bridesmaid today can expect that honor to cost her about \$100. Her dress alone usually accounts for \$35, and she must buy special shoes, special hat and gloves, and sometimes special lingerie. She is invited to all the showers and is expected to produce a gift at each.

Some families try without much success to apply the brakes to pomp and display, but social pressures prove too much for them. The Carson-Newman researchers Miles and Koonce cite the case of one family that had not recovered from the financial shock of their first daughter's wedding when the second daughter became engaged.

"In a family conference," the researchers reported, "it was agreed that the parents would give the second daughter a check for the difference between the cost of the simple wedding and the kind her sister had had. Everyone concerned was happy.

"However, when the decision became public, the social pressure

exerted on the family was so great that they were forced into yet another big formal wedding."

Countless books have been written on "marriage etiquette." Each prescribes hundreds of "musts" for the bride-to-be. One recent publication promises solutions to more than 1,000 wedding "problems," ranging from the correct choice of table favors to the proper day for choosing china and silver patterns. Even bridegrooms are the target of a new handbook distributed by department stores.

The bridegroom's book offers four pages of "absolutely essential" chores to be tended to before the wedding. One sentence directs, "Have soles of your shoes blackened, if you are to kneel at the altar." Nowhere in any of the books is there any indication that the brief ceremony is to be followed by a lifetime of marriage.

"Engagement is to marriage as the seminary is to the priesthood," says Msgr. Irving De Blanc, of the Family Life bureau, National Catholic Welfare conference. "The seminarian does not spend his last years planning for his ordination day, and the engaged couple should not spend all of their time on the wedding day itself."

Fortunately, Catholics are spared such travesties as the wedding in the department-store window or at home plate on the baseball field. Yet every year most priests are asked to perform some bizarre ceremony, such as a couple's recent request to be mar-

ried on skis. Monsignor Landry recalls a wedding in which, to his astonishment, the bridesmaids came strolling down the aisle carrying open parasols.

In many areas, a conscious movement is under way to restore the wedding to the full dignity of its function. In the New York archdiocese, for example, couples are encouraged by every means possible to be married at a nuptial Mass. In the Hartford diocese, weddings must be held before 1 P.M., thus eliminating the "fashionable" afternoon wedding. In Washington, a new rule requires that a wedding procession begin with the cross. Other dioceses have eliminated needless decorations, such as canopies, center-aisle streamers, and white ribbons on the pews.

Many dioceses now require that Catholics attend pre-Cana counseling classes before the wedding. Even in dioceses where there are no such rules, parish priests often insist on premarital counseling.

One current trend is toward inexpensive symbolic rings, with a spiritual motif such as the cross and crown. Every couple should insist upon a nuptial Mass, and it has become a common practice to include with wedding invitations a card asking that wedding guests receive Communion with the bridal party. To emphasize the sacred character of the occasion, many couples arrange for a Mass on each subsequent anniversary.



Quiz for High-School Seniors

Most of them were better informed about Elizabeth Taylor's husband than about the crisis in the Congo

By Bob Sheridan and Owen McNamara
Condensed from the "Catholic Free Press"*

AMERICAN high-school students, with access to the greatest communications media in the history of man, could be the best-informed teen-agers in the world. In Worcester county, Massachusetts, at least, a survey by the *Catholic Free Press* has revealed that they are definitely not.

On a ten-question news quiz prepared by the newspaper, 443 high-school seniors averaged little better than 50%. Girls were decidedly less well informed than boys. Some 243 young women averaged only 42.6%, compared with a 59.6 average score for 200 boys.

The quiz was part of a survey conducted in 11 public, parochial, and private schools. The survey covered

a cross section of high-school seniors enrolled in pre-college, scientific, business, and trade courses.

Scores varied significantly in individual schools. Highest boys' average, 80.6%, was achieved in a private boarding school. The top girl's average, 61%, was also obtained in a private school. Lowest average for boys was 33.7% and for girls, 19.3%.

Here are some of the questions and how students responded to them.

Who is secretary of state in the Kennedy administration?

Boys did better than girls on this question, as well as on eight others in the test. Forty-four per cent of them correctly named Dean Rusk, compared with only 34.5% of the

*17 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Feb. 10, 1961. © 1961 by the Catholic Free Press, and reprinted with permission.

girls. Of the total sample, 38.8% had the correct answer.

Misspellings were frequent, but answers such as "Russ," "Rust," and "Ruske" were accepted as correct. Many students left the question blank. Incorrect answers ranged from John Foster Dulles to "his brother."

Who is the chancellor of West Germany?

Of the boys, 68.5% identified Konrad Adenauer, compared with 45.7% of the girls. Some 55.9% of the total group answered correctly. Few students spelled Mr. Adenauer's name accurately. Incorrect answers ranged from Bismarck to "Hittler."

From what country did the Congo gain its independence?

The strife-torn Congo, a rich source of news for nearly a year, made slight impression on the students queried. Of the girls, only 31.3% could identify Belgium as the former ruling power, but 56% of the boys answered correctly. The 42.4% for the total sample was one of the lowest scores of the quiz. Incorrect answers included Africa, Cuba, and Russia.

Who is the husband of Elizabeth Taylor?

More students knew the correct answer to this question than to any other on the test. Some 90% of the total named Eddie Fisher. This was the only question on which girls out-

scored boys: 97.5% to 84%. Incorrect answers were few, but included Elvis Presley and the Prince of Monaco. One youngster said simply, "I'd like to know."

What is the name of the guided missile that can be launched from a submarine?

This question produced the greatest margin of difference between boys' and girls' scores. Of the young men, 71% identified the Polaris, while only 28.4% of the girls could do so. The group score was 47.6%.

What is the capital of Laos?

Fewer than 1% of the girls could answer this question correctly, and at a time when the communist-nationalist conflict in Laos was extremely intense.

Boys did considerably better—17%. For the total sample, 9.9% identified Vientiane correctly, the lowest score for any of the ten test questions. One well-informed young man answered Vientiane, but added the name of the royal capital, Luang Prabang, as well.

Who won the 1960 World Series?

Boys did somewhat better than girls on this item, 82.5% to 47%. The Pittsburgh Pirates were named by 62.9% of the total sample, second highest score of the quiz. Most incorrect answers merely involved other major league teams, but one student suggested that it was "Army, not Navy."

Who is secretary general of the United Nations?

Next to Eddie Fisher, girls found the name of Dag Hammarskjold easiest to recall: 50.2% of them answered this question correctly. Boys, again, did better, with 67% answering accurately. But correct spellings of Hammarskjold's name, like those of Adenauer, were few. This fact may have indicated that students were familiar with the names through radio and television rather than through reading.

In addition to the news quiz, the survey was used to determine student means of obtaining knowledge of current affairs. Questions and what the answers indicated follow.

How often do you read the daily newspaper?

Boys apparently read the daily paper somewhat more regularly than girls did. Of the young men questioned, 74% said they read the paper every day, compared with 71.8% of the girls. Of the total 443-student sample, 72.8% read the paper daily, 21.3% three times a week, and 5.8% once a week.

Students living in county towns read newspapers more often than their counterparts in Worcester, the survey showed. In one town, 86.4% of the boys and 84.6% of the girls claimed daily readership. The lowest girls' group (58.6%) and the lowest boys' group (61.5%) were from schools in the city of Worcester.

Boarding-school classes had low daily readership averages for understandable reasons. The news quiz scores from these schools, however, were among the best of the survey. The group which scored the highest in the quiz reported reading out-of-town newspapers, such as the *New York Times* and the *Boston Herald* in addition to their local papers.

Which section of the newspaper do you read first?

The word *read* was stressed in the questionnaire. Some 56.4% of the total sample said they read page 1 before any other section. Of the girls, 62.4% read the front page first, compared with 48.9% of the boys. Sports news draws primary attention from 28.5% of the boys, and the comics claim 7.1% of both boys and girls for initial readership. An unusually large 8.5% of the total sample said they read the headlines first.

How many hours per day do you spend watching television?

Girls watch television just over two hours per day and boys an average of one hour, 45 minutes, the survey revealed.

Significantly, the boys' group that watches television the most (2.5 hours a day), had the lowest news quiz average (33.7%). Similarly, the most TV-conscious girls' group (3.15 hours a day) had the lowest quiz average (19.3%).

At the other end of the scale, a similar result was noted. The boys'

group with the highest quiz average (80.6%) watches television less than 30 minutes a day, least of any group. Similarly, the girls' group with the best quiz average (61%) spends only .81 of an hour per day watching television, which is the lowest average among girls.

How many hours a day do you spend listening to the radio?

Response to this question closely paralleled replies to the query on television time. Girls, again, average about 15 minutes more a day than boys, 1.79 vs. 1.46 hours. Also, lowest girl and boy groups in the news quiz had the highest radio listening time: 3.17 hours for girls and 2.13 hours for boys. The highest quiz groups were among the least devoted radio fans: .98 hours for girls and .80 hours for boys.

What books have you read outside of class assignments in the last three months?

Girls, who seem to have more time for television and radio, also devote more time to books. Boys averaged 1.22 books over the three-month period, compared with 1.68 for the girls. The groups which led the news quiz results did the most reading outside of class; the quiz's lowest achievers were at the bottom of the list. Titles were highly varied, ranging from *Hold That Line* to *The Conscience of a Conservative* by Sen. Barry Goldwater. President John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage* was men-

tioned often. One young lady listed 15 books she had read in the preceding three months.

Why were boys decidedly superior to girls in knowledge of current affairs? What is the relationship between time spent watching television and student performance on the news quiz? What does the survey reveal about American society in general?

Answers to these questions, and others like them are deeply rooted in the nature of the persons surveyed. Dr. Frank M. Buckley, professor of psychology at Assumption college and consultant psychologist at Massachusetts General hospital, Boston, tries to provide some of the answers. "The adolescent in our society lacks sufficient concern for responsibility, effort, and work," Dr. Buckley said. "Other studies have established this conclusion, and this survey tends to support it."

Girls ordinarily have a lower level of aspiration in the light of social and cultural expectations, the professor pointed out. "This natural disparity between boys and girls begins to show itself in high school, and is clearly demonstrated in the results of the news quiz."

Girls watch more television, hear more radio, read more books, have greater interest in front-page news, yet they were constantly outperformed by boys on the questionnaire. "The reason for the difference is that, generally, girls aspire toward mar-

riage and are less motivated to be aware of factual information," the professor says.

Girls averaged 42.6% on the ten-question news quiz, compared with 59.6% for boys.

"It is implicit in our culture that a woman's drive for achievement is less than a man's," Dr. Buckley said, "and in one way this is a good thing. It makes for less conflict in the home."

This personal and romantic involvement of young women is reflected in their news quiz performance. The only question on which they outscored boys, "Who is the husband of Elizabeth Taylor?" contained both elements to a high degree. "Boys, as expected, showed greater knowledge and interest in items of power, conflict, adventure, and mechanical efficiency," Dr. Buckley says. "It was demonstrated in their performance on questions concerning the Polaris missile, the struggle in the Congo, and the crisis in Laos."

More striking than the difference between boys' and girls' performances on the survey, he affirmed, was the fact that neither group did very well. "This," he pointed out, "demonstrates several significant trends our society seems to be showing." As a whole, the group failed to achieve as much as 50% accuracy on such items as state and national government and international struggle.

Dr. Buckley referred again to students' apparent lack of interest in

responsibility or work. "The data indicates that they lean heavily on pleasurable, exciting, and entertaining things—items of momentary amusement," he said. Programs mentioned most often by students tended toward violence, romance, and escape. "Violence, in particular," he said, "was stressed to a degree which would shock other societies."

Student television habits appear "indiscriminate," the professor said. "Most TV viewing seems to be done for the sake of mere activity, the passing of time, or just something to do. It demonstrates a clear lack of purpose for both boys and girls." Lack of discrimination is reflected in both the number of programs listed by students (more than 120) and the amount of time per day spent watching television (nearly two hours).

Results of the news quiz corroborated Dr. Buckley's theory on non-selective viewing. Students who watched television the most (up to 3.5 hours a day) had the poorest news quiz achievement. Conversely, those who viewed the least, but who selected their programs carefully, performed better.

Student lack of purpose was evidenced in other areas of the survey. Many students merely glance at a newspaper rather than *read* it, Dr. Buckley found, reflecting a lack of real interest in what they are doing. "Poor spelling is additional evidence that lack of attention when assimilating information leads to only partial knowledge concerning it," he said.



A stirring call from Rome
rallies lay missionaries

Papal Volunteers for Latin America

By John J. Considine, M.M.
Condensed from "Perspectives"*

ONE EVENING a short while ago, I was sitting in a home in Bogotá, the brilliant capital of Colombia, one of Latin America's most advanced countries.

"Yesterday," said a man in the group, "I saw half a dozen young people taking a plane to Moscow. They were part of 160 university men and women leaving Colombia to study for five years as communist leaders at Moscow university. A

couple of thousand have gone from Latin America during recent months."

"Well," someone in the circle remarked, "I suppose the Russians can pick up some scum even here in Colombia."

"But one of this group," rejoined the first speaker, "was the daughter of a rich Colombian plantation own-

Father Considine, director of the NCWC's Latin-America bureau, is in charge of its Papal Volunteers for Latin America program.

*Box 507, Notre Dame, Ind. January-February, 1961. © 1961 by Fides Publishers Association, and reprinted with permission.

er and a graduate of a Catholic college. As she spoke to us at the field, she had the gleam of Satan in her eyes. The only thing she would talk about was the good she would accomplish when she came back to Colombia as a communist leader."

"What a disgrace for her family," one of the ladies in the group remarked. For a moment a hush fell over the room.

"Well," said one man quietly, "maybe some of us are to blame for her going. She may be a most unworthy young woman. On the other hand, she may be a person of deep sensitivity with a great capacity for ideals that would have made her a strong lay leader among Catholics, or perhaps a nun. But she was allowed to live an empty life.

"Then, one day, I can see her meeting new companions. They berate her for having no concern about the millions who suffer from hunger, cold, disease, and ignorance. Suddenly, she is ashamed that she lives among people who ignore the poor. She decides to run away from her shame—and the road she took led to Moscow."

Now, this incident in Bogotá makes villains of negligent Latin Americans; but sentiment can be found on every street corner in Latin America (in Cuba, for example) that includes us citizens of the U.S. among the villains, too.

One day a little while ago, I rode with Auxiliary Bishop Perez Hernandez of Bogotá, from San José,

the capital of Costa Rica, to Turrialba.

Turrialba is the seat of the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, a special agency of the Organization of American States. "I've come to look for a cow," the bishop said. "The small farmer in our country areas needs dairy products from an animal that will not cost too much to keep, will stay healthy in the uplands, and can be used for meat. Hence, my dear padre—my kingdom for a cow!"

At Turrialba I watched the bishop searching for his cow. He saw the Jersey and Guernsey stock in the experimental herds. He saw also the handsome specimens of the new Santa Gertrudis stock from Texas.

"Your Excellency," I remarked at one point, "it is wonderful to find you so engrossed in the day-to-day needs of your people."

He replied, "It's a way of doing that is in the air today everywhere in Latin America. We are all concerned with what makes people healthier, better schooled, better prepared to live life wisely, to be faithful to their religion. Anyone genuinely interested in man as man knows that a people broken by social wrongs and weaknesses can't properly worship God."

My assignments during recent years have taken me several times from one end of Latin America to the other. My work during the last 30 years has kept me in contact with many Latin Americans. Not all of

the government officials, or businessmen, or churchmen in that part of the world have expressed themselves as did Bishop Hernandez.

Still, despite all the evidence to the contrary that people throw before us, the bishop's statement is profoundly true. It is "in the air today" in Latin America to be concerned about the other fellow in terms of spiritual ideals.

An assembly of the Latin-American bishops was held after the International Eucharistic Congress in Rio in 1955. From this meeting came the Bishops' Conference of Latin America (CELAM) with offices in Bogotá.

Bishop Manuel Larraín of Talca, Chile, 1st vice president of CELAM, says, "Latin America is on the threshold of profound changes. Shocking social inequalities, the existence of immense masses living in inhuman conditions, and the lack of social awareness on the part of well-to-do Catholics all show how urgent it is to take a definite stand. With us or without us, social reform is going to take place in Latin America. If it is without us, it will take place against us."

The united hierarchies of Latin America wisely recognized that the task was so huge that outside aid should be sought. They appealed to Rome for help.

Pope Pius XII created the Pontifical Commission for Latin America. Cardinal Mimmi of the Sacred Congregation of the Consistory was named its president, and Archbishop

Antonio Samore of the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Affairs its secretary-general. The commission has undertaken the systematic organization of cooperation by Catholics of Europe and North America.

In November, 1959, Archbishop Samore came to Georgetown university in Washington. He met with committees of the hierarchies of the U.S. and of Canada and the CELAM committee representing Latin America.

From this important conference resulted the establishment of the Latin-America bureau attached to the general secretariat of the National Catholic Welfare conference in Washington; and the Office for Latin-American Affairs attached to the secretariat of the Canadian Catholic Churches in Ottawa.

Despite the increased concern about improvement of conditions, the Catholic Church in Latin America today is in deep trouble. Consider the life of the *campesino*, the field worker on the *hacienda* (or *fundo*, or *estancia*, or *fazenda*, the various names for the region's plantations for general farming, cattle raising, or wine producing).

Traditionally the owner of the *hacienda* was the *patron*, "the big father." His people sometimes ran to several hundred families. He had the income of all that his lands produced, the responsibility of caring for his workers: that they be clothed and fed and housed, that they learn about God and worship in the Catholic

faith. No one speaks of "social justice" within a family; hence, no one dreamed of worrying about justice on a *hacienda*. A good *patron* cared for all his children. A bad one suffered ill repute among his fellow aristocrats.

Then came the new day of demands for a better national economy and labor rights. Workers became conscious of injustice. They became aware of the existence of tens of thousands of acres of unused land and of their own poverty in land. A chilliness grew up between *patron* and worker, and with it a loss of solicitude on the part of the owner toward his no longer childlike helpers.

This coolness spread in another direction, toward the Church, when the Popes wrote social encyclicals decrying injustice. In Chile and other countries the *fundo* owners succeeded in preventing the publication of the social encyclicals. "We were bound," said their leaders, "to protect our people against the erroneous social philosophy of the Papacy."

Absentee proprietorship grew in Latin America. On many *haciendas* no one now provides for instruction in religion. Given the paternalistic pattern, it is difficult for the pastor, if there be one nearby, to reach the workers without cooperation by the *patron*.

The results are dire. Many *haciendas* are religiously abandoned. Children grow up ignorant of funda-

mental doctrine, such as the divinity of Christ. And it is not unusual to find areas where 60% to 70% of the couples are without religious marriage.

The industrial age has hit most Latin-American countries. Millions of workers and their families are leaving the farms or the mines and are establishing great slums about the key cities. There are 560,000 such immigrants in the 200 *Villas de Miseria* ("misery villages") about Buenos Aires. In the notorious *calampas*, the mushroom villages of Santiago, Chile, live 250,000 souls. Lima has 62 slums with 180,000 inhabitants; one sector has but eight public water faucets for 7,000 people. Rio's notorious *favelas* house 400,000.

In the summer of 1957, Bishop Santos of the Diocese of Valdivia in Central Chile sent a team of 14 university students from Santiago into a cluster of industrial towns. For almost two generations the inhabitants had lived, because of the grave shortage of clergy in Chile, practically without the ministrations of a priest.

The first conclusion reported by the team was that family life among these workers was at a pathetically low level. In a sampling of 500 families, abortion was favored by 60% of the men queried. A dominant concept among the workers was that a wife is a servant, to be ordered about at will, to be beaten as required.

The wife seldom ate with the hus-

band, seldom went out with him. In the matter of religion, a few instances of parental guidance were noted, such as teaching of prayer; but the great majority of the people were indifferent.

Worker families in the industrial areas are influenced principally by the determined propaganda of the communists. A Red tactic is to preach constantly the injustices practiced by Christian elements in society. Criticisms of the Catholic Church are not leading the people to choose other Christian Churches. The temptation today is to abandon all religion and replace it with the bitter ashes of class hatred.

Latin America's clergy shortage is the greatest in the entire Catholic world. Some 160 million Catholics have about 36,000 priests.

There are some bright colors in the drab picture. While proportionately the Church is woefully weak, by actual count there is probably as large a body of zealous Catholics in Latin America as in the U.S. The better than 10% of Latin Americans credited as being "Grade A" Catholics means a total of 18 to 20 millions (approximately equal in number to the 50% of U.S. Catholics regarded as being "Grade A").

An unusual document has recently come out of Rome, issued by the Pontifical Commission for Latin America. It is entitled *Papal Volunteers for Apostolic Collaboration in Latin America*. The movement described in this document embraces

all lay societies that send out missionaries.

The document explains, "There is a well-founded hope that selected teams of generous laymen in various countries, in response to the appeal of their bishops, can be organized to volunteer for the service of the Church in Latin America for a given period of years. These laymen, convinced that 'the great hour of the Christian conscience has struck' (Pope Pius XII, Easter, 1948), ready to leave their fatherland and prepared to suffer and to toil for the cause of Christ, deserve the title of Papal Volunteers for Latin America, and are worthy of association in an organization bearing this title."

The movement places strong emphasis on development of local Latin-American leadership. The Holy See wants volunteers to go to Latin America not to assume public leadership but to provide guidance for potential local leaders.

When properly challenged, Latin America's natural leaders come forward. *Señorita* Elsa Torre, with whom I talked in Mérida, capital of Yucatan in Southern Mexico, is the kind of person about whom we hear too little. Elsa's father was the Mexican ambassador to Brazil, named to this post after serving four years as governor of Yucatan. During his governorship, his duties included enforcing the 1926 laws of persecution against the Church.

While in Rio, Elsa was sent by her renegade father to a Protestant

school. One day a member of the staff, a Miss Brown, took her aside. "Elsa," she said, "you're a born leader; you must become a Protestant."

"Frankly," Elsa explained to me, "I wasn't even going to church at the time, and of course my father had no religion at all. Instinctively, however, I reacted against Miss Brown's suggestion, though she meant to pay me a compliment. 'Oh, I couldn't,' I told her, 'I'm Catholic.' The very next Sunday I went to Mass. Miss Brown got me back to my faith."

When Elsa returned to Mérida in the 1930's, her aunt sought her out and told her, "Get into Catholic Action. We're going to make you president of the young women's section of Yucatan." Evidently the aunt had much the same views on Elsa's qualities as had Miss Brown. Both were right. Elsa became the dynamic leader of the women's movement in Yucatan. She has given her time generously to the Church for 20 years.

The papal volunteers will be organized in teams of three to ten members. "It appears," says the document, "that the Catholic groups particularly well qualified for the recruiting of volunteers are the various established Catholic organizations of men and women, the lay-missioner

organizations, parishes, colleges, university clubs, and so on."

The work of the papal volunteers, as outlined by the Holy See, will include such activities as teaching Christian doctrine, instilling the principles of Christian family life (by married volunteers), promoting rural-community betterment, and teaching the English language.

Instruction in the English language today is sought after by the more intelligent persons in practically every city in Latin America. And where do they go for instruction? Usually to the Protestant ministers, because they are the best speakers of English in most of the provincial towns.

One who truly learns to know Latin America, comes, after a while, to tread its pathways reverently, and to look with respect upon every passing person, including the ragged vagabond. Latin America has its share of "scoundrels," if you will, but it is an area where a surprisingly large number of men are living according to Christian ideals. The papal program for Latin America merits our dedicated cooperation. That program calls for the leaders of the lay movement in the U.S. to give a portion of their best to the needy Catholic Church in the lands below our border.



A new local TV program is making a big hit in the Congo. Its title: *Eat the Press*. *Wall Street Journal* (6 April '61).

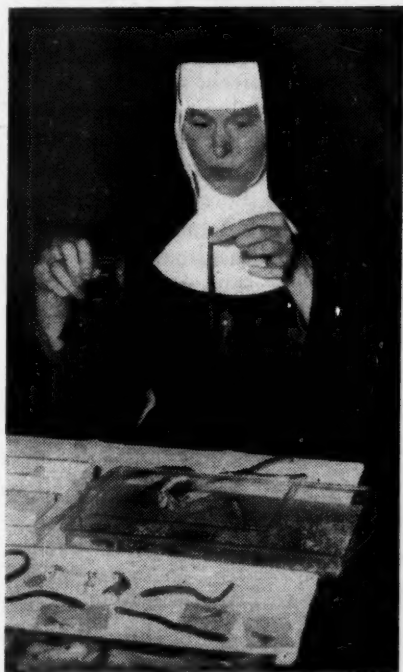
"No worms!" said Mother Superior

The Nuns Who Catch Fishermen

By Robert M. Debevec

A LETTER FROM TEXAS stated, "Using your lures, I recently caught three bass on three casts." A Michigan fisherman wrote, "Your lures have changed me from an unlucky fisherman into a lucky one." Hundreds of letters like these have been directed to a small group of cloistered nuns, only one of whom has ever fished in her life.

The Franciscan Nuns of the Most Blessed Sacrament live in the picturesque Sancta Clara monastery just outside Canton, Ohio. They manufacture and sell (what else?)



Sister Mary Julian

St. Peter's fishing lures. Their trademark is an angel, Little Michael, complete with boots, fishing net, rod and reel, wings, and a halo.

For many years, Sister Mary Angelica has been interested in establishing a monastery of perpetual adoration in the South. Since the South is only about 2% Catholic, Sister realized she would have to have a source of income to keep it going. There would be very little local alms. Then one day, two years

ago, she thought about fishing bait.

"We'll start with a few red worms," Sister suggested to her superior, Mother Mary Veronica, enthusiastically. "Soon we'll have a cellarful. The potential is practically unlimited." But the vision of a cellarful of an unlimited potential of worms made Mother Mary Veronica apprehensive, and the rest of the Community thoroughly shared her uneasiness. It was decided that Sister Angelica should look for a solution not quite so wriggly.

Sister pondered and prayed. Then one day she read that the first artificial fishing lure had been invented by a Benedictine nun many centuries ago. That was more than enough for Sister. Mother Superior and the rest of the Sancta Clara Community had no objections to keeping squirmless lures on the premises.

Sister Angelica dug out the name of a prominent fishing-lure manufacturer and explained the whole situation as well as she could in a letter. Then, one day, a package arrived at the convent. Out poured hundreds of tiny barbed hooks, feathers, spinners, propellers, shiny plastic bodies in assorted colors, eyelets, swivels, and some objects that looked suspiciously like small grass skirts. The Sisters looked at the conglomeration at first in awe, and then in dismay. Sister Julian tentatively picked up a small treble hook, studied it, and pricked her finger.

Luckily, there were instructions

with the package. They didn't make much sense at first, but with patience, prayers, and strained eyes, objects began to emerge that looked like something a starving fish might snap at.

"But, oh," said one of the nuns later, "what a beating our fingers took!"

As completed lures began to stockpile, Sister Angelica realized that she had to begin thinking about the next step: how to sell them. A Jewish businessman came to her rescue.

"Direct-mail advertising might do the trick," he suggested. "It's a good place to start, anyway." He donated \$100 "to get the good work started."

Sister Mary Raphael, the artist of the group, decided on the trade-mark of the angel, "Little Michael," and prepared a catalogue and circulars. Sister Angelica wrote to a "list" company and bought 2,500 names and addresses of fishermen at \$19 per thousand. Envelopes were stuffed with circulars, addressed, \$20 worth of postage was applied, and the project was then entrusted to Uncle Sam's postal employees.

In the words of Sister Angelica, "We waited and waited." Finally it happened. An order came in from Michigan for a \$1 lure. The Sisters felt that this was only the beginning. They were right. Another order soon came in from Minnesota for another \$1 lure; but that was all.

"People are suspicious," the businessman explained to the disap-

pointed nuns. "Fishing lures from Sisters? It would probably be better if you could approach the fishermen through some other channel. Some way so that the whole idea wouldn't be such a shock."

This gave the enterprising Sister Angelica another idea. She sent one of the circulars to the editor of *Our Sunday Visitor* in Huntington, Ind. He printed a short article on the unusual project. A few other papers picked up the item, and suddenly the gates burst open.

A TV station in North Carolina gave the Sisters a plug. Reporters from papers all over the country began writing in for news and pictures. Orders (and checks) deluged the Canton post office. To date, business has shown no sign of letting up.

Each lure purchaser reaps a spiritual bonus, according to Sister Angelica. "With every order," she says, "the fisherman gets a fervent prayer that he will have big catches,

and that he will be protected from accidents."

The letters received from enthusiastic purchasers show that the fishing lures are effective both ways. Two fishermen wrote that they never knew Catholics were so nice. Later they decided to take instructions in the Catholic faith.

The Sisters spend eight hours a day in prayer, but they have so far managed to keep up with thousands of orders for the "Sonic Double Action Flash," "Double Trouble," "Sputnik the 3rd," and "Baby Jig-It." Only recently worms came back into the picture, too. The Sisters make a very lifelike plastic wriggler as a new item in their line. St. Peter's lures come in 15 assorted styles now. By next year, the Sisters expect to expand to 20.

Sister Mary Angelica has realized her goal. Construction of a new convent in Birmingham, Ala., is expected to start this month.

IN OUR HOUSE

One of our neighbors noticed an unfamiliar little girl playing with her children one day. When they all came trooping in for a glass of water, she asked the little girl if she was new in the neighborhood.

"Yes," the little girl replied.

"Do you have any brothers or sisters?" asked the mother.

"Yes," the little girl answered, "I have an older brother and a younger brother and a sister. My older brother and I are adopted, but the other two are home grown."

Mrs. Lawrence A. Wilder.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

A Night With Ladder Company 25



*Firemen guarding Manhattan's West
Side find their skill and courage
constantly tested*

By Ralph Lee Smith
Condensed from the
New York "Times Magazine"*

*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36. Jan. 1, 1961. © 1961 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

WHEN BILL RUSSO arrived at Ladder Company 25's firehouse on Manhattan's W. 77th St. at 5:30 on a recent Saturday evening, he did three things. First, he took his slicker, helmet, and gloves from a rack and placed them on the rear fender of the great ladder truck. Second, he opened a small box on the fender and checked his smoke mask. Then he sat on the fender, untied his shoes, and loosened the laces.

The firemen on duty walk around with shoelaces flapping. When an alarm sounds they kick off their shoes and race for their boots.

This ritual completed, Bill went back to the kitchen and poured himself a cup of coffee. He was beginning another tour of night duty as a New York City fireman.

A fireman's schedule is irregular. He works two days from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. and gets 24 hours off; then he works two nights from 6 P.M. to 9 A.M. and is off for 72 hours. The night before, when Russo also was on duty, Ladder Company 25 had responded to eleven alarms. The men had been on the verge of collapse when the 9 A.M. relief arrived.

Bill Russo is 35, and has been a fireman for three years. Wisps of gray are beginning to show in his thick, black hair. After graduating from high school, he served for three years in the Air Force in the 2nd

World War, then worked in a Brooklyn poultry market. During the Korean War he was a Marine.

He returned to settle in Manhattan, married, and now has two children. After five years as a taxi driver he took the fireman's exam in 1957, and the right man and the right job finally met. Bill is a strong, intelligent fellow, with fast reflexes.

Four men and a captain handle Company 25's ladder truck. Russo is the "tillerman"; he sits at the rear of the rig and steers the rear wheels independently of the driver.

Frank Pandolfi, 38, drives the truck and operates the controls of the aerial ladder. He is quiet and mature. Bob Hessler, 28, is gregarious and garrulous. He wields a heavy iron claw or an axe when doors or walls must be broken through.

Greg Donnellan, 24, tall and lean, is the "can man"; at fires he jumps off the truck with a heavy extinguisher in his arms. Sometimes he has to carry it up five or six flights at a dead run.

Hessler and Donnellan wield their tools only if they aren't needed as a team with Russo on the aerial ladder. The tillerman always goes up first. A ladder company's primary function is to save life. It fights a fire only when its lifesaving equipment and skills aren't needed.

Ladder Company 25's regular captain was on vacation, and the "covering captain," Joseph Damato, arrived at six o'clock. Donnellan went on watch. The men take turns stand-

ing a three-hour trick in the small front office. Hessler went up to 93rd St. to check a rooming house where the sprinkler system was out of order. Company 25 was under orders to inspect it every three hours.

The night shift in each firehouse cooks its own supper, using food purchased and brought in before the duty tour. Russo was peeling potatoes and Pandolfi had the hamburgers on the fire when the first alarm came. The bell struck once, then twice, then three times, then eight times.

"That's us!" everybody shouted. Donnellan rushed from the office calling, "Eighty-sixth and Broadway!" to Captain Damato. In less than 30 seconds after Company 25 had been informed by the bells that an alarm had been turned in at firebox 1238, it was on its way.

Company 25 covers an area extending from 69th St. to 125th St., in which are located fireboxes numbered 931 to 1284. When a firebox is "pulled" it transmits its number, by a ringing of bells, to the fire department's communications center at Central Park West and 79th St. Within a few seconds the communications center, in turn, transmits the box number to the firehouses in the relevant area.

As Ladder Company 25 arrived at 86th and Broadway, it was informed by radio that the alarm was false. False alarms are becoming an increasingly serious problem in Company 25's district. Many are turned

in on Friday and Saturday nights, often by drunks.

On this occasion Company 25 had no opportunity to return to its station. "All companies at the scene of the false alarm will immediately respond to 230 W. 97th St.," the radio ordered crisply. This time it was a real fire.

The truck stopped beside a towering snow bank in front of an apartment building. The firemen charged inside. A minute later they emerged carrying a smoking sofa.

They threw it into the snow and set upon it with grappling hooks and knives. As it was cut into strips, it was soaked thoroughly with a hose, and the pieces were buried in the snow. Burning mattresses and couches can be treacherous. A spark can lie buried in a corner and start a new fire hours later.

At 9 P.M., Company 25 arrived back at its firehouse. A routine job—but one can never tell what the next alarm will bring. For instance, in November, 1959, Company 25 responded to a routine one-alarm fire at Columbus Ave. and 78th St., and effected one of the most dramatic rescues in the annals of the department.

Smoke and fire were pouring from two windows on the top floor of a seven-story tenement. On the left window ledge, a man was standing, holding on with one hand and shielding his face from the searing heat with the other. At the second window, another man was hanging

in space with one arm hooked over the sill, and no other support of any kind. Both were being burned, and were screaming in pain and terror.

The truck screeched to a halt, the ladder went up, and Bill Russo almost flew to the top with another fireman following. Standing at the very top of the fully extended 85-foot ladder, he stretched as high as he could, and found that he could barely touch the shoes of the man hanging from the right window ledge.

Russo shouted for a scaling ladder, which resembles a miniature telegraph pole, 12 feet long, with foot-rests protruding from either side, and a huge hook on the top. It is usually used only with a life belt, which can be attached to the pole. Russo was not wearing a life belt.

The scaling ladder was rushed up to him. He hooked it into the right window sill. He then left the aerial ladder and climbed the scaling ladder as it lay flat against the building, until he was nearly at eye level with the man who was hanging by one arm.

"Put your foot here!" Russo shouted, indicating the stirrup above the one on which he was standing. But the man was too terrified to comprehend.

Holding onto the pole of the scaling ladder with one hand, Russo seized the man with his free arm and pulled him from the window sill. With his arm around the man's chest, Russo slowly leaned over and

down as far as his precarious position would permit. Standing at the top of the aerial ladder, fireman Albert White reached up both hands, and was just able to grasp the man below the hips.

As the rescued man was carried down, Russo descended to the top of the aerial ladder and yanked the scaling ladder off the window sill. The aerial ladder was carefully moved under the other window. Russo hooked his scaling ladder onto its sill and again climbed up.

The second victim was able to descend the scaling ladder with Russo's arms encircling him. As he was climbing down the aerial ladder, billowing flames roared through both windows.

After its first run, Ladder Company 25 began an hour of drill while the food on the stove got colder. Regulations call for intensive drills from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M., or as soon thereafter as conditions will permit.

At 9, the men finally sat down to supper: heaping portions of hamburger, mashed potatoes, peas, and carrots. As coffee was being poured, the second alarm of the evening was sounded. It was a box at 72nd St. and Riverside Drive.

The 13th floor of a luxury apartment building was engulfed in smoke. Captain Damato and his men knew what it was. They rushed to the incinerator shaft, opened it, and saw a smoldering wad of Christmas boxes and wrappings, caught fast.

This time, instead of putting out a fire, the firemen started one. The wrappings were too far down to be reached, so they dropped a lighted newspaper down the shaft. The wrappings blazed and soon dropped to the bottom.

At 10 P.M., Bill Russo and the other members of Company 25 finally drank their coffee. When he had finished, Russo left the firehouse on a special detail. He took the subway to the scene of a recent airplane crash in Brooklyn, and drove an extra fire engine back to its uptown Manhattan company while its crew remained on duty at the disaster scene. He got back about 11:30.

He had not been back for five minutes when the bell began to ring. It turned out to be a small trash fire in the middle of W. 94th. Company 25 teamed up with Engine Company 74 to spread out the trash, wet it down, and cover it with snow.

When the truck returned, Donnellan and Hessler went upstairs to sleep. Pandolfi and Russo remained in the kitchen, drank more coffee, and talked quietly. At 3 A.M., they went upstairs to sleep.

The next call came at 4. The lights went on and Captain Damato shouted, "Let's go! West 84th St!" The men jumped into their pants and their boots and slid down the pole.

This time the truck was delayed by a double-parked car. When it finally turned into 84th St. there was no need to guess about the location

of the fire. Heavy smoke was pouring out of the main entrance of a tenement. In an unheated ground-floor room, with no furniture but a bed, a mattress was ablaze.

Two men smashed the rear windows. Another returned to the hallway and shouted for a hose. Russo and several others impaled the burning mattress on their grappling hooks, thrust it out the window, and jumped down after it. A hose was

passed to them, and in a few minutes the job was done.

"That was close," Captain Damato observed quietly to Frank Pandolfi as they drove back. Pandolfi nodded.

One more alarm would have tried the men sorely, but on this night luck was with them. The 4 A.M. call was the last. Russo awoke from a heavy but restless sleep at 7:30 and went downstairs for coffee. The night was over.



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

During the last months of the 2nd World War, our outfit was bivouacked in a small Italian village along the Allied supply route. One day I was standing on the main street watching the truckloads of American GI's rumble through the town. Because of bomb damage, they were forced to slow to a crawl at one intersection, and as each truck passed, the soldiers would throw down C rations, gum, and candy to the village kids.

As I watched, I noticed that one of the kids, a year or two older than the others and quite a bit taller, seemed to grab much more than his share of the stuff raining down from the trucks. He would scramble around greedily for his loot, then cram it into the pockets of his ragged, ill-fitting coat.

"That one knows how to look after himself," I thought cynically. "This sure is a rotten war."

When the trucks passed, I turned down a side street and made for our company headquarters. Suddenly a small bundle of rags came tearing round the corner, passing me in a rush. It was the kid who had been getting more than his share. He turned into an empty lot, shouting something in Italian. Curious, I followed him.

As I peered over a pile of rubble, there he was, surrounded by a dozen children much smaller than he, dividing the food he had picked up in the street. "Maybe," I said to myself as I moved silently away, "this isn't such a bad war after all."

John L. Powers.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]



Once When I Served Mass

By Bryan MacMahon

*Condensed from the "Voice of St. Jude"**

The "doting" celebrant could no longer be exact about rubrics; but at the Consecration he was still one with the great High Priest

THE PLACE was a quiet, almost Victorian resort, catering to a cross section of rural Irish life. One sunny morning I was strolling about, my mind in a state of revolt. I tried to keep away from the church. But as it was the single place alive in the quiet village, I was drawn towards it. On an impulse I blessed myself and entered. I knelt at a pew just inside the door.

A tap on my shoulder. The sacristan's face was pressed close to mine. "Can you serve Mass?"

I gagged the temptation to tell a lie. "Yes!" I mumbled.

"Come with me!" In a narrow

passageway the sacristan turned. I noticed the white bristles on his thin face. "This priest is as old as a bush," he said. "In his day, he was a great man. After he leaves here, likely he'll say Mass no more. Watch him!" he said. The sacristan went away.

For a time I stood in the corner of the sacristy looking at the mountainous curved back of the old priest.

"Son!" he said in a faint croak.

I came forward.

The old man turned his face to where I could see it in profile. I sensed the sagged dentures. I saw the drip of moisture at the end of his nose.

*221 W. Madison Ave., Chicago 6, Ill. March, 1961. © 1961 by the Claretian Fathers, and reprinted with permission.

"I'm doting, son. Watch me at the Mass!"

As slowly as I could, I moved before him down the passage and into the church. He came tottering behind me, his bog boots dragging, the chalice weighing down his hands. At the side altar, it cost the old man a great effort to raise his legs over the single step.

The Mass began.

Young and brash as I was, my mind in a state of revolt against authority, my body straining at the leash of morality, blasphemy as close to my lips as blessing, it was gradually borne in on me that I was partner in the immeasurable. By the simple act of helping a priest who needed help, I was made to realize that the use of the first person plural in the Latin verbs of the Ordinary was not a mere formality. A strange exaltation took possession of me.

After mumbling the opening psalms and the Confiteor, the old man said "*Oremus*," again surmounted the obstacle of the step, kissed the sacred stone, touched the missal with unsure fingers, paused, turned and came towards me intoning the *De Profundis*, the psalm recited for the dead after low Mass in Ireland.

After making a few responses, I stopped. "Father!" I said, and tugged at his sleeve.

A pause. There was a sense of groping in the great head above me. "That's right, son!" he said.

I led him up to the altar. I led him to the missal. The soiled leaves

and the curled markers riffled under his hands. Together we tried to find the Introit of the day. After a long struggle, we found it. The Introit read, he moved with a deceptive fluency into the Kyrie and Gloria. Again he bent slowly to kiss the altar, turned for the *Dominus Vobiscum*, lost himself in the Collects and the Epistle and again murmuring the *De Profundis*, came towards me.

I did my best to set him to rights. Thus the Mass proceeded.

As we approached the Canon I grew uneasy. The old priest and myself had now been on the altar for the greater part of an hour. I glanced around me. Although the altar was almost hidden behind a large pillar, I could sense that the church was empty. Not even the old sacristan was to be seen. The noise of children playing seeped in from the village. I heard the bark of a sheep dog from the hill above and the *lock-lock* of a creamery cart from the roadway below.

"*Te igitur, clementissime Pater . . .*" We were now approaching the very core of sacrifice. I left my place and stood at the side of the altar, narrowly watching the priest.

After the Commemoration of the Living, the priest called hoarsely upon the saints, then paused as if lost. I moved a step nearer.

Almost imperceptibly his head turned in my direction.

I yielded the step.

Now the old hands moved over the oblation. The hands trembled, then

steadied. I saw the priest gather himself until he was taut as a mountain is taut. His whispering voice, previously blurred, was now rock steady.

It was as if an army retreating had rallied to a bugle call. Inexplicably one with the old priest, I went to my knees.

"*Hoc est enim Corpus meum*"—the words of Consecration of the bread came clear, firm.

A moment of relaxation, and again the old priest gathered his forces. Certainty was fiercely concentrated in his voice as he said, "*Hic est enim Calix Sanguinis mei . . .*"

The Consecration over, he idled

out again into vagueness and unsureness. I was beside him, guiding, leading, collecting, scolding almost. At last we reached the end. We had been at the altar for an hour and a half.

After the old priest had muttered the *De Profundis*, step after agonizing step he dragged his way back to the sacristy. The sacristan was suddenly at hand to help him doff his vestments.

Neither priest nor sacristan looked at me. For this I was thankful. I slipped away. I remember that as I emerged into the village, the sound of tennis balls pocked the morning.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 90)

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1. unstable (un-sta'b'l) | j) Not standing fixed; fluctuating. |
| 2. stanza (stan'za) | d) A division of a poem standing by itself. |
| 3. distant (dis'tant) | c) Separated; "standing apart." |
| 4. stationary (sta'shun-er-e) | b) Unchanging in condition; standing at rest. |
| 5. substance (sub'stans) | h) Essence or "standing" of a thing; gist; material object. |
| 6. constant (kon'stant) | l) Uniform; "standing together"; regular. |
| 7. stamen (stay'men) | k) Pollen-bearing part of a flower; "standing stem." |
| 8. estate (es-tate') | i) A person's property, standing, possessions; condition or state of life. |
| 9. staid (staid) | e) Sober; "standing firm"; sedate. |
| 10. stabilize (stay'b'lize) | a) To make steadfast or firm; to stand steady. |
| 11. stature (stach'er) | g) Natural height in standing position; development. |
| 12. stance (stance) | f) The way a person or animal stands. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

MEDIC ALERT:

Chains of Protection

*A simple silver bracelet
may save your life one day*

By Thomas S. Stimmel
Condensed from "Life & Health"*

LINDA COLLINS, a 14-year-old Californian, was shooting her BB gun one afternoon when she wedged her finger behind the trigger. When she finally jerked her hand free, the finger was badly cut. The doctor stitched the cut and prepared to give her an antitetanus shot to guard against infection.

What happened next almost killed Linda. Before giving her a routine injection, the doctor made a skin test on her arm, to determine whether she was allergic to the serum (some people are). He did not give her a full injection, but merely pricked the surface of her skin with a needle containing a drop of tetanus-antitoxin serum.

Immediately Linda's arm and face

began to swell. She had difficulty breathing, and broke out with hives. In five minutes she could barely breathe, and her skin began to turn black. Her heart was severely shocked, and she wavered near death. She spent the next days in an oxygen tent, and it was weeks before she fully overcame the effects of that one drop of serum. A full injection would have killed her.

Linda's brush with death seven years ago left her parents with a problem that worried them long after she was discharged from the hospital. Her father, Dr. Marion C. Collins, vowed that his daughter's experience must never be repeated.

The Collins family finally found an answer that not only offered pro-

*Washington 12, D.C. March, 1961. © 1961 by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, and reprinted with permission.

tection for Linda but promised help for millions of others who are severely allergic to serum, narcotics, penicillin, or other medicines. And it soon became apparent that the same simple device would offer protection to millions of diabetics, epileptics, and arthritics. Dr. Collins thinks it could benefit 20 million people in the U.S. alone.

"What if Linda should be in an automobile accident and be severely injured or unconscious?" Dr. Collins asked himself. "How would a doctor or an ambulance attendant know that an ordinary tetanus shot could kill her?"

Some sufferers of chronic allergies wear tattooed warnings in case of emergency. Dr. Collins suggested that Linda have a tattoo on her arm, but she objected. She did not want to be marked for life, she protested. Linda's family sympathized, but the problem remained.

"We tried everything," Dr. Collins said. "Linda never went anywhere in a car without some warning. We wrote 'Do Not Give Tetanus Antitoxin' on paper and fastened it to her arm with tape. Or we wrote the same thing on a sheet of paper and pinned it to her coat lining. She was never away from home without some warning."

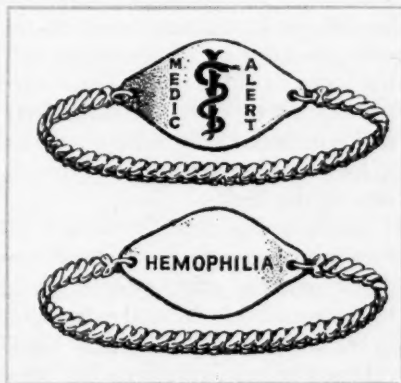
These measures were not wholly satisfactory, but they worked for a while. Then the time came for Linda to go to college.

"We had to think of something, and the solution we wanted had

to be permanent," Dr. Collins says.

Finally, after much discussion, someone suggested a permanent bracelet, especially designed so that it would be recognized as a warning. Linda liked the idea, and the family decided together how the bracelet should look and what it should say. In April, 1956, Dr. Collins ordered a silver bracelet designed to meet his family's specifications.

That first bracelet marked the beginning of the Medic-Alert foundation, a family enterprise that started out to meet the needs of one teenager in the farm town of Turlock, Calif., and expanded to provide similar protection in all parts of the U.S. and Canada. Within three months after the first Medic-Alert bracelets were put on the market they were being worn by people in every state. Linda has not taken her bracelet off since the day she got it. The bracelet, made of sterling silver, is so attractive as to be appropriate with anything from a swimming suit



to an evening gown. Yet the life-saving purpose of the bracelet is unmistakable. On its surface is a caduceus, the symbol of the medical profession, flanked by the words "Medic Alert" in red enamel. On the back is engraved: "Allergic to Tetanus Antitoxin." Wherever Linda is, a doctor may see at a glance that he must take special precautions.

Soon, people began to ask Dr. Collins about the bracelet. Then, in the autumn of 1956, he had a heart attack and began taking a medicine called coumadin. The medicine doubles normal bleeding time; its dangers in case of accident are obvious. Dr. Collins ordered a Medic-Alert bracelet for himself. On its back were engraved both a warning that he is taking coumadin and the antidote in emergency: intravenous vitamin K.

The bracelet does not publicly "brand" a person as a diabetic, an allergy sufferer, or a heart victim. The important message is engraved on the back and worn next to the skin, even if the message carries only the wearer's blood type. The visible message says only "Medic-Alert," and is intended only to warn a doctor to look for the more specific information on the back.

Because the bracelet served his own family so well, Dr. Collins wondered whether other people would be interested. He decided to find out.

He wrote to the American Medical association explaining his idea.

The AMA replied that the bracelet was "an excellent idea."

Dr. Collins then wrote to every hospital in the U.S. and Canada, enclosing a cardboard poster telling all about his Medic-Alert plan. Over a photograph of the bracelet was the warning, "When you see this emblem, please don't ignore it! You may save a life."

The response was tremendous. Doctors, hospital administrators, and nurses replied enthusiastically. They asked for more posters so that a description of the bracelet would reach every nursing station and emergency room.

"We could render a service to the community by having a supply of these bracelets available," wrote a hospital administrator in Wisconsin. "I am interested in purchasing a bracelet for myself because I am severely allergic to penicillin."

As requests for information increased, Dr. Collins and his family were kept busy sending out posters: 25 to a hospital in Cleveland, 30 to a Minneapolis nursing school.

Dr. Collins next sent letters and posters to every police chief and sheriff in California and Nevada. The responses were equally encouraging, and some acknowledged that

For additional information write to Medic-Alert Foundation, 1030 Sierra Drive, Turlock, Calif.

police often mistake a diabetic or epileptic for a drunk.

"Some cases have been made worse," a sheriff replied, "and even death has resulted from such misinterpretations. Had those persons had identification bracelets they could have received early medical care rather than time in jail."

The medical profession got its first look at the Medic-Alert bracelet at the American College of Surgeons convention in San Francisco in the fall of 1956. A small booth in the convention hall introduced doctors from all over America to this new answer to an old problem.

Doctors, hospital officials, and police emphasize that the Medic-Alert bracelet must become a recognized standard to be effective.

"We feel it has already become standard through its widespread recognition and use," Dr. Collins said. "Now it is being used in 50 states."

Dr. Collins thinks the future of the device is unlimited. "About 20 million people in the U.S. could use them," he said, "people who are diabetic, epileptic, or allergic, and people taking certain medications."

The Medic-Alert foundation from its beginning in 1956 has been a family enterprise. The same family discussions that decided on the original bracelet for Linda designed the bracelets now being sold. "The caduceus was Linda's idea," Dr. Collins said, "and Mrs. Collins thought of the *Medic-Alert* wording after we had tried dozens of names and weren't satisfied."

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Your Child and His Life Work

*By encouraging early signs,
you can help him achieve
fulfillment as well as security*

By Jhan and June Robbins

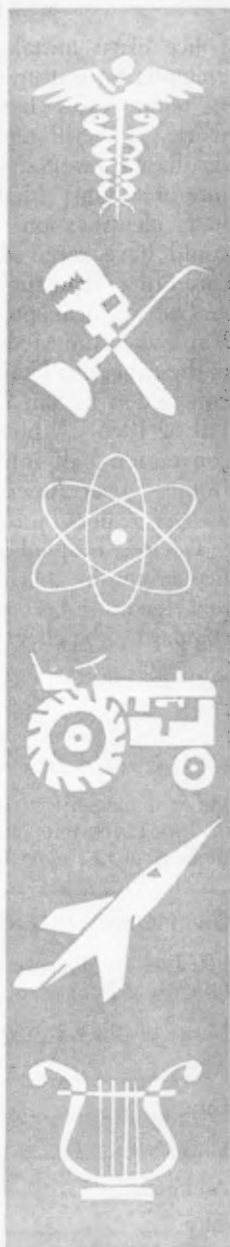
*Condensed from "Everywoman's Family Circle"**

NEVER BEFORE HAVE YOUNG PEOPLE had so many opportunities to work toward successful careers of their own choosing. But never before have so many youngsters been so ignorant of how to go about it.

How can parents help? Where can a young person go for vocational guidance? What about aptitude tests? How many science courses should a girl take? What will be the job opportunities in a particular field five years from now? What about the youngster who just doesn't know what he should do?

For many families the most worrisome question is: "How soon do our youngsters have to make up their minds?" Parents may chuckle when their preschooler insists that he will pilot a spaceship. They may smile when their grade-school youngster switches his ambitions overnight from big-league 1st baseman to deep-sea diver. But when they ask their teen-age youngster what he is going to do after high school, and he responds with a blank stare, most mothers and fathers start to feel frantic.

*25 W. 45th St., New York City 36. January, 1961. ©1961 by The Family Circle, Inc., and reprinted with permission.



Dr. Robert P. O'Hara, of Boston college, studied the aptitudes and interests of 1,200 boys and girls in elementary schools. He reported to the American Psychological association that a sizable number of students in the nine-to-12-year-old age group are already able to make a sensible career choice. By "sensible" Dr. O'Hara means that their ambitions are based realistically on their true talents, intelligence, and probable opportunities.

Other researchers report that about a third of our youngsters develop definite and lasting job interests before they reach 16. Another third make up their minds by 18. But many of the remaining third, who in the long run may be equally successful, do not make a final decision until 25 or even later.

James Bryant Conant, former president of Harvard, thinks that vocational guidance is a basic parental responsibility that ideally starts in the sand-pile stage and goes on until maturity. Says Dr. Conant, "You can't start vocational guidance too soon. It is not a one-shot operation. It is like teaching religion; it can't be accomplished by a single father-to-son or mother-to-daughter talk."

Dr. Joyce Wike, a sociologist at the University of Nebraska, agrees. "In your child's early years," she says, "your most important role is to accept enthusiasm. Your child may announce, 'I'm going to be a lion tamer when I grow up.' To respond with an absent-minded 'That's nice, dear

or a scornful 'Don't be silly!' is to miss an opportunity. You've taken him to the circus. He's seen a lion tamer at work. What is it that has particularly beckoned him? A child's interest in lion taming might end with his choosing a career in veterinary medicine, zoology, animal breeding, scientific farming, show business, or costume design!"

When a ten-year-old brings home a hunk of rose quartz from a hike and announces, "I'm going to be a geologist!" that is the moment to point out that natural science offers many exciting specialties and to be ready to name a few. A 6th grader who says, "I'm going to be a nurse!" needs to be told about all kinds of social and humanitarian service.

In the junior-high-school years, according to Dr. Wike, the best vocational training a parent can give a youngster is to help him develop good work habits and a sense of responsibility. "The student who learns to budget his time, gauge his strength and endurance, and care about others as well as himself gains assets that will be invaluable in his future work," she says.

How do today's teen-agers feel about choosing the work they are going to do? What are their worries and hopes? What assistance do they expect from their parents? The Purdue university opinion polls provide some interesting answers. 1. Sixty per cent think themselves incapable of making the right vocational decision, but they insist on the right to be

wrong. "It helps you grow up," they say. 2. Twenty per cent of our high-school students tell of arguments at home about what they are going to do after high school. Only 37% are willing to have their parents decide for them, but 60% think their parents expect to do so. 3. Forty-two per cent are in the dark about their real interests; 40% seriously question their ability to do anything well. 4. Fifty-six per cent do not know what kind of work they are best suited for; 33% want more vocational advice than they are getting.

Parents who would help youngsters choose work in which they will be happy and successful need first of all to rid themselves of their own prejudices. For example, one out of every six jobs in the country is in the sales field. Selling demands energy, initiative, and imagination. It offers the most opportunities for executive positions and above-average salaries. Yet at present no field in the country so lacks prestige. One mother flatly told a high-school vocational adviser, "I didn't raise my boy to be a salesman!"

It is a rare parent who says to a bright youngster, "Why not a career in government?" Yet in the Departments of State, Labor, and of Health, Education, and Welfare there are thousands of exciting, creative jobs that offer admirable side benefits and a guaranteed pay check.

In contrast, there is an absurd overemphasis on preparing for the professions, particularly the technical

sciences. Despite the uproar about our need for them, doctors, dentists, mathematicians, zoologists, chemists, physicists, and engineers number only 2 million of our 70 million working force. Responsible authorities are calling on us to double and triple this number. Nevertheless, job opportunities in science for at least the next ten to 15 years will not be much different from those of today.

Parents who have bright daughters face exceptional problems. Should a girl be educated or merely trained to earn a living? Dr. Mildred McAfee Horton, former president of Wellesley college and director of the WAVES during the 2nd World War, says, "A girl should have the best education her mind can absorb. Don't tell a girl that she should stick to vocational training. It's cruel to say that she won't need to work unless her husband dies. We need all our good minds, male or female. Our girls should have their minds stretched!"

Our booming population, our newly admitted states, and our ever-broadening trade connections with other countries will change the present vocational picture. Unfortunately, no one can foresee exactly how. Hundreds of books and thousands of pamphlets attempt to cover the vocational present and future, but the parent who wades through even part of them winds up in a welter of conflicting information.

However, three sources of information are helpful to parents. 1.

Government pamphlets covering education and occupations. Request price lists 31 and 33A from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., so that you can make an appropriate choice. 2. At your nearest large public library you may consult the U. S. Department of Labor's *Occupational Outlook*, that tells of regional shifts in economy and employment needs. 3. The New York Life Insurance Co. has compiled a free paper-bound book *Career Opportunities*, detailing the important facts about hundreds of occupations from pharmacy to forestry, from diplomacy to accounting. Each article, contributed by an expert, contains clear, concise information.

For 5 million male high-school students no vocational question can be answered without first considering the legal obligation to military service. All armed services stand ready with information and advice. At present the services are ready to cooperate with private educational programs. Military service may be postponed to make room for a four-year college plan and, if necessary, for graduate study.

Thousands of high schools throughout the country are recognizing their responsibility in giving students vocational aid. Seven out of ten of our senior high schools now have the services of a trained vocational counselor. Sometimes such an adviser is a member of the faculty who has taken special courses in

psychology and vocational counseling. Some schools have full-time vocational advisers whom youngsters in the 10th, 11th, and 12th grades may consult about work choices and related problems.

In Santa Barbara, Calif., high schools, a pilot experiment combined professional vocational advice with practical experience. Pupils in the 11th and 12th grades held down (under school supervision) part-time after-school jobs in professional offices, business, and industry. "They didn't really get job experience in the sense that they did responsible work," an adviser in the program says. "But they got the feel of what it's like to work, and found out something about what it takes to make good."

Many school programs offer vocational-guidance tests. The tests, devised by research psychologists, attempt to measure talent, intelligence, and interests. But when properly administered and analyzed, they are lengthy, and fees for them run as high as \$250. Some tests take five days to administer. The results seldom yield specific or final advice, but they are often helpful.

Families who live where consulting services are not available can do what a group of Indiana parents did last year. Working with their 20,000-volume public library, they built an extensive vocational-reading list. For the most part the books were not directly "advice-giving" but were exciting biographies.

Next this group of parents organized a series of field trips ranging over a 200-square mile area and covering 50 different occupations. Groups of students toured factories and offices and talked with big and little businessmen, salesmen, foremen, mechanics, engineers, lawyers and journalists.

Such projects, of course, are worth while. But in the long run a child will benefit most if his parents impart an abiding, serene, and practical philosophy of life. That, in the long

run, is more useful than specific vocational advice.

Young people can be told that most jobs represent some kind of compromise between financial gain and individual motive. A child ought not to be confused by the double standard that says, "Money isn't important but make sure you choose a job that will earn a lot of it." The parent can point out that a good job is one that brings happiness, a feeling of being useful, and an adequate income.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

It was payday in the government printing office in Washington, D.C. When the checks arrived and were distributed, word quickly spread that there was none for Jim. The federal income-tax department had secured a garnishment order against his pay.

Jim, an unskilled laborer, cleaned and carried type and in general made himself useful to the printers of the division. Everyone liked and respected him, and some of us knew that Jim and his wife were caring for two neglected children that his sister had abandoned after being separated from her husband.

Quite logically, Jim had claimed full support of these children on his income-tax return. He did not know that his sister had also claimed them as dependents until the income-tax collector had disallowed his deductions. Rather than make trouble for his sister, Jim had meekly agreed to pay up the difference in installments. But one of the children had become ill, and the resulting expense had caused Jim to miss a payment. Some impersonal official had moved swiftly with the garnishment order.

No one in the office would later admit to having started a fund, but before quitting time that day an envelope stuffed with bills was handed to Jim. The next day he told his boss that the sum in the envelope had almost exactly matched his weekly pay—with a surplus of 27¢.

Jim wanted the boss to keep that 27¢ as a nest egg for the next fund to be raised for someone who might suddenly find himself in need.

Florence A. Bodkin.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

FELICI: Photographer of Popes

LUIGI FELICI's ten-year-old son used to wonder why his father did not dress like other Roman men when he went to work each morning. The long black coat, stiff shirt, and slim, shiny shoes puzzled him.

As he grew older, the child began to realize that his father has a unique job. Felici is the third of his line to be the official photographer of the Vatican, by special appointment of the Holy Father.

In the formal white-tie-and-tails outfit which he wears each week-day, summer and winter, Felici records with his camera every official papal act and Vatican ceremony.

His portraits of the Pope are exhibited everywhere in the Christian world: from straw huts in African missions to gilded salons of royal palaces. Press services flash across the earth photographs taken by him on great feast days like Easter and Christmas.

Without moving from the Vatican he has taken pictures of more international dignitaries, statesmen, and diplomats than any other photographer anywhere. Britain's Queen Mother and Queen Elizabeth (as a princess), the Japanese

He is the third of his line to be named official Vatican photographer

emperor, and Hailie Selassie are among the hundreds of celebrities photographed by him as they met in private audience with the Pope.

Photographs taken by three generations of Felicis are like a family album of the modern Church. These include pictures of each Pope of the 20th century, every cardinal, and almost all the bishops. Many of the men now high in the Church were photographed as young priests. Successive generations of Felicis recorded their rise to positions of increasing responsibility.

Luigi's grandfather photographed the late Cardinal Stritch as a student at the Propagation of Faith college, and his father took a picture of Cardinal Spellman as a monsignor in the Vatican secretary of state's office.

A decade ago, when Laurian Cardinal Rugambwa was a bishop, he attended a general audience in St. Peter's and was practically hidden among the packed thousands in the huge basilica. Pope Pius XII spotted the African prelate. The Pope direct-

ed that his portable throne be brought over to where the bishop was kneeling, and the two chatted. Felici, meanwhile, worked his way through the crowd, and made an excellent photo of the Holy Father and the shy bishop. When the bishop returned to his diocese in Tanganyika, he sent Felici a letter of thanks. Their correspondence kept up through the years.

Last year, when Bishop Rugambwa was created Africa's first native-born cardinal, Felici was on hand for the official photographs. The new cardinal asked that a picture be

taken of him and his friend Felici.

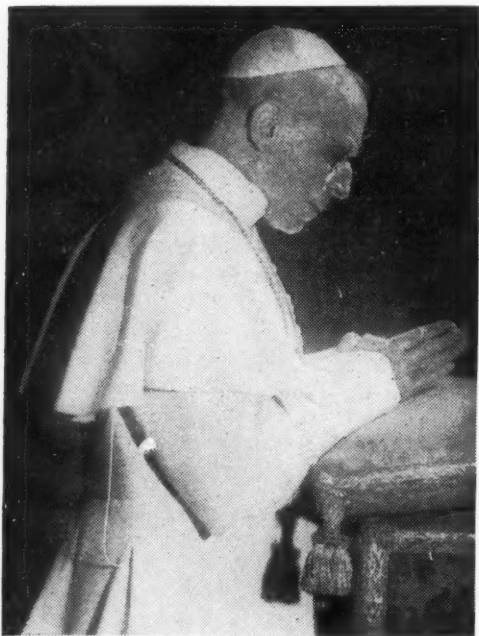
Most photographers have the problem of putting their subjects at ease. With Pope John XXIII, it works the other way around. Felici is usually the one who appears tense. He worries about the amount of time the photo is taking from the Pope's crowded schedule.

When Pope John observes that Felici seems to be rushing things, he says gently, "There's plenty of time, plenty of time."

Felici, now in his 50's, was an altar boy for the Pope back in the days when Father Roncalli said Mass in the Christian Brothers' school in Rome's Piazza di Spagna. "How long have we known each other?" the Pope will ask musingly, as Felici is setting up his equipment. He seems delighted when Felici shakes his head and answers, "As long as I can remember."

Photographic procedures have changed considerably since grandfather Joseph Felici's day. In the old days, Felici says, the photographer probably took no more than one picture a month. Nowadays, hardly an hour of any day goes by when he is not clicking his shutter.

His vacation comes in late fall, during the first week of Advent, when the Pope makes his annual retreat. Felici then heads for Milan, Italy's industrial capital.



Felici's best-known photograph: the late Pope Pius XII at prayer.

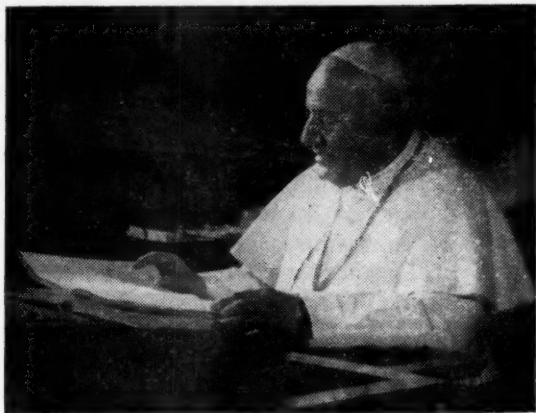
There he briefs himself on the latest in photographic paper, film, cameras, and lighting equipment.

Daguerreotype — the granddaddy of modern photography — was just catching on in Italy when grandfather Joseph moved himself and his violin to Rome in the 1860's from the Adriatic village where he was born. He planned to study music.

In Rome, Joseph discovered that photography made an interesting hobby. And Rome was brimming with picture possibilities.

As a starter, he photographed France's crack Zouave troops. They were soldiers in splendid Arab costumes, recruited on the continent and in Canada to defend the Pope's temporal sovereignty. The photographic experiments worked out so well that when the Canadians were headed home, they urged Joseph Felici to come with them. Canada was a young country, photography was new; they promised him a bright future.

But Felici said No. His fiancée was in Rome. Albert Felici was the oldest of five children (four boys, one girl) born of the subsequent marriage. He became his father's apprentice. Together, father and son (first and second generations of the Felici photographers) trained



Felici's favorite shot of Pope John.

their lenses on monsignori and cardinals at the Vatican. The violin was long forgotten.

It was not until the beginning of this century, when he was close to 60, that grandfather Joseph was officially appointed Vatican photographer. A man named Federici had been the official photographer, but he died without leaving an heir to carry on.

The first important Felici assignment at the Vatican was the 25th anniversary of the reign of Leo XIII in 1903. Gifts from around the world—vestments, chalices, and jewels—were on exposition in the Vatican museum, and the two Felicis photographed them.

"They probably took better pictures than most of those I take today," Felici says. "I have better equipment, but they could work in calm circumstances, and make sharp photos. Today everything is hurry."

Pius X, who succeeded Leo, issued the first of the series of *brevetti* (diplomalike certificates) by which Pope after Pope has confirmed the appointment of the Felici as Vatican photographers.

In the Felici studio on Rome's Via del Babuino hang portraits of the Popes of this century, autographed with papal testimonials to the Felici photographic skill.

Luigi Felici was formally named official photographer by Pius XII when his father died in February, 1950. He had been taking Vatican photos, side by side with his father, for a quarter of a century.

He was 17 when, in 1924, Albert Felici began training him. In those days there was no elaborate fast-drying equipment. Wet prints were spread out on the darkroom table, and it was young Luigi's job to make sure that the finished product was smooth and clean. If any dust settled on a print during the drying process, the older Felici dunked it in the water once again, and the youth's work began all over.

Probably the most difficult picture of his entire career was taken in those early days. It was the photograph of the signing of the Lateran pact, guaranteeing the sovereignty of the Vatican State, on Feb. 11, 1929.

The occasion was a photographer's nightmare. Vatican officials and Italian government leaders crowded around the table in the Lateran palace. The Cardinal secretary of state,

Pietro Gasparri, headed the Vatican delegation. Benito Mussolini, flanked by his ministers, represented Italy. Only three photographers were present: the young Luigi Felici, his father, and the official photographer for the Italian government. The air was filled with tension. Luigi took his shots right alongside of the two older professionals.

The coronation of a new Pope is the most difficult of the recurring photos. The ceremony at which the tiara is placed on the Pope's head is staged on the small balcony above the entrance to St. Peter's. It is a suspenseful moment. Space is limited, and the area is crowded with dignitaries.

Felici, who shoots the photo from a nearby balcony, always worries that someone will place a hand in the way just at the crucial moment.

The Felici camera photographs the Pope many times during any one week. But, in general, a formal portrait of the Pope is made only once a year, usually on a day late in October.

For the formal portrait, Felici takes three different pictures. The Pope changes his robes for each.

One portrait is for the first page of the *Annuario Pontificio*, an annual administrative handbook of the Church. The second is used in *Attività della Santa Sede*, a Vatican publication reporting on activities of the various Holy See offices during the past year. The third portrait is now published by *Osservatore Ro-*

mano on Nov. 4, the anniversary of Pope John's coronation.

Until the end of the 2nd World War, the formal portraits of the Popes were always taken in natural light. The setting for the portrait would be the St. Damasus *loggia*, the glassed-in gallery rimming the papal apartments. The Roman sun streaming in through the high windows provided ideal lighting. Flood-lighting for portraiture work was used for the first time for a new picture of Pius XII in 1945.

Like everyone else, Popes in the early days had to endure the noise, gunshot bursts, and acrid smoke from the magnesium flash for interior shots. With Pius XI, Felici used

artificial lighting sparingly, because the Pope's eyes were extremely sensitive.

Felici's switch from magnesium to flash bulb, at a Vatican museum ceremony in 1935, did not escape papal notice. The flash was so fast and fume-free that Pius XI assumed it had not worked, and walked over to console the photographer.

Modern technical advances in photography have simplified things for Felici in a way, but they have also added to his work load. The growth of TV, for example, prompted Felici to add motion-picture sequences to his activities. Copies of the film are made available to networks around the globe.



In a Felici photo March 8, Pope John blesses Vicks CARE Crusade members.

Former President Harry Truman, Mrs. Truman, and Pius XII were the subjects of the first TV sequence filmed by Felici. It was done when the Trumans, on a European tour a few years ago, visited the Vatican for a private audience.

Photographers of the world's press are limited in their picture-taking to ceremonies within St. Peter's and to those in the square outside. Felici is always ready, however, to carry out requests for special shots not otherwise available to them.

After the 2nd World War an American news service suggested it would be nice if Felici could photograph the Pope working at his desk, pen in hand. Felici proposed the idea to Pius XII, but the Pope demurred, amiably explaining that such a picture would not be realistic. "I don't write by hand," he said. "I use a typewriter."

The resulting photo, to which the Pope readily agreed, showed him tapping away on a white typewriter. The picture was reproduced around the world.

Felici is a husky six-footer who looks like a family doctor. He puts in a six-day week. During the day he is at the Vatican, working from a small office just off the St. Damasus courtyard. He usually does not get back to his studio in Rome until six o'clock. He works until after eight.

While Felici is at the Vatican, his brother Rudolph runs the studio.

Felici has two other brothers, but

they do no camera work. One is a lawyer at the Sacred Roman Rota, and the other is an official of Italy's Ministry of Agriculture.

Besides his young son, Felici has a daughter, Nadia, who is married and has a daughter of her own. It is too early yet, Felici says, to know whether his son will follow in his footsteps. The youngster, however, has already acquired a still camera and a movie camera.

On Sundays, after Mass at St. James church, Felici bundles his family into the car and goes off on a busman's holiday, taking pictures of the Roman countryside. His hobby is home color movies. He works at it, too—splicing, cutting, and adding a sound track as if he were producing a Hollywood epic.

How many Vatican photos has he taken? He has no idea.

He does know which photos are his all-time favorites. Both are in color. One shows Pope Pius XII, all in white, kneeling at prayer in his private chapel, his strong graceful hands joined together.

The other is of a smiling Pope John, leafing through a huge volume at his desk in the papal apartments. The crimson, white, and gold of his robes provide magnificent coloring, and in the background is a Barberini tapestry of the consecration of St. Peter's basilica.

In Italian, Felici's name means "happy." No one could be happier about his life's work.





I Don't Teach Religion

But a public-school English teacher finds it hard to ignore in the classroom

By Irving Sussman
*Condensed from the "Way of St. Francis"**

I AM, AMONG OTHER THINGS, an English teacher in a public high school. I have the additional duties of instructing students in morals, manners, and mores. The Education Code (Title 5) states that a teacher may not introduce religion into his classes. What I can't understand is how I can teach morals, manners, and mores without the reference point of religion.

Take, for example, the three major types of young humanity I am exhorted to instruct in morals: the Lothario, the Overfed, the Torpid. When the Lothario asks me, with no charity in his mood, what's wrong with necking; or when an overfed girl wants to know what is morally wrong with gluttonous eating; or

when a torpid character demands to know what business it is of morals, manners, mores, or mine that he wishes to waste his time, I'm trapped.

I can't say that it is immoral to defile the body because the body encases the soul, and the soul belongs to God. Lothario wouldn't understand what I'm talking about. He has never been presented with a proper concept of God or of soul, and the words I would say to him, assuming the law would permit me to utter them, would, for him, be right out of Squaresville.

As for the plump sensualist of the breakfast table, how can I hope to reach her? She never heard of the original sin of eating even one fruit too many. How can I expect her to

*109 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco 2, Calif. March, 1961. © 1961 by the Franciscan Fathers of California, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

know about the seven deadly sins?

So, too, when it comes to answering the torpid human sloth who hangs in a limbo of his own choosing. I can see no way of impressing him without talking about the deadly sins, especially the sin of *acedia*, spiritual sloth, of which Chaucer says, "Ceres, this is a damnable senne; for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, in-as-muche as it binimeth (takes away) the service that men oghte doon to Crist with alle diligence." All of this means nothing to Torpid. He doesn't understand the meaning of sin or why some sins are mortal and some venial.

Whenever I want to teach morals without breaking the law, I introduce my students to Dante's *Divine Comedy*. I assign it as literature, and let the chips fall where they may.

With Dante and Virgil as our guides, I take my students through the gate marked "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Down we plunge and come to the shores of the Acheron where the shells of souls groan and writhe in agony. These were the souls of the torpid. I keep hoping that the torpid characters in my class will get the point.

As for the Lotharios, "in hell there is a place called Malabolge" where, I pray, they will see the punishment awaiting unrepentant seducers. And for my obese students, a guided tour into that circle of hell where the gluttons are punished with rains of fire might convince them that abstinence will not only

reduce fleshly weight, but might reduce the weight of spiritual guilt.

Once, when we took up as a literary study the second circle of hell, where carnal sinners suffered, the class attacked me and Dante and morality. After all, the lessons learned in this circle went counter to some of their most cherished notions, like divorce. You will recall it is in this circle that the story of Paolo and Francesca is told. Francesca was married to an ugly, ill-formed man, Giovanni Malatesta. She was still in her teens.

One day, Giovanni decided to go on a trip. He asked his own brother, Paolo, also in his teens, to keep Francesca company while he was gone. To pass the time, the two young persons read aloud to each other from some cheap best seller about knights and love. It was not long before Paolo and Francesca got all mixed up about reality and fiction, and one day they "read no more." Reality, not fiction, ended their love story.

On the whole, the class liked the tale. What angered them was Dante's highhandedness. After all, they argued, Dante was condemning "true love."

It gave me an opportunity to introduce my lesson for the day on morals and manners. But something went wrong. It was all because of Linda.

Linda was a personable young girl, just about 16. There was a kind of intensity about her that was both disarming and frightening. One day,

after class, she came up to see me, to ask me about divorce. She wanted to know whether divorced people went to hell. I skirted around that one by telling her that I had no firsthand knowledge and neither did Dante, but, I added, much would depend on the circumstances and on one's belief. What I really wanted to say was for her to go ask a cardinal, bishop, priest. But that would be introducing religion.

Linda, however, got the point. She told me that she was terribly confused about whom she should consider her real father, because her mother had just married her fifth husband. Linda didn't know what her mother meant when she said, "You must listen to what your father says."

I hate to admit it now, but I was feeling satisfied with myself at the time. I thought that Linda was concerned with her mother's immortal soul, that she was determined not to mess up her life as her mother had.

I soon learned that there is danger in being satisfied with anything we do. It was about a month after our conversation that Linda was found dead from an overdose of sleeping pills. A note said, "I'm sorry, mother. Forgive me. I forgive you."

I wanted to kneel and say, "Bless me, Father, I have sinned. I am a schoolteacher." I examined my conscience then, and have been doing so ever since. I went over every word she had said to me, and suddenly I

was remembering one small incident.

Someone in class had used the phrase "beads of sweat" in describing a character in Chaucer. I remarked that "beads of sweat" was a poor sort of metaphor, since a bead is really something solid and sweat is fluid and could hardly be strung, as a bead can. Linda had spoken up.

"Well, when Christ hung on the cross, there were beads of blood on his forehead, and maybe that was the first Rosary in the world, when Christ counted the prayers on those beads of blood."

She had giggled a bit when she said this, and the rest of the class shrugged off her remark as so much fluff. I, too, let the remark pass as a bit of cleverness by a child who did not understand what she said.

It is only now that something about her words hits me hard. I think that Linda understood something much more important than the answers I had given her. I think she realized that Christ's suffering was real, not fictitious; that in his suffering He had built for us a ladder of prayer, a ladder standing in the manger and resting on the cross. I think Linda saw this as something real. Perhaps she, too, was counting prayers on his beads of blood. If she did see this but did not understand the sin of suicide, which is also discussed in the *Divine Comedy*, she gave me something. I now can pray on those same beads of blood: "Father, forgive us, for she knew not what she did."

THE OPEN DOOR

MY HUSBAND had joined the Royal Canadian Air Force, back in 1942, and all of our five children were in school; so with time on my hands I found myself deeply involved in social work. I soon saw that I was away from home too much, and decided to become a foster mother to orphans.

The third little fellow to come to us won our hearts in a special way from the very first moment. He was only ten days old, and weighed under five pounds. My husband, home on a 48-hour leave, said, "All he needs is good care and food." He called him Tom Thumb, a name that stayed with him until he went to school. For six long years my husband and I tried to adopt Tom, but he was a Catholic, and the law said one of the parents must be of the same religion as the orphan.

One day a new social worker, from Catholic Welfare, visited us. She arranged for Tommy's religious instruction; and we were encouraged to listen in.

Meanwhile, I had to undergo an operation. I was desperately ill; remembering the Rosary prayers, which I had been saying with Tommy, I would say them and fall asleep.

When I left the hospital, I spoke to the nun who had been teaching Tommy. She gave me a rosary, my very first. Soon I sought instruction for myself, was convinced, and became a Catholic. We adopted Tom. Now he is 17 years old, towers over me and

calls me Shorty, and plans on joining the navy. We are all proud of him and thank God daily for sending him to us.

Edna M. Lee.

THE DOOR to Catholicism opened for me 20 years before I was born—when my grandfather went to work through another door, that of the Villa Maria academy for young women. The school was run by Visitation nuns in Wytheville, Va.

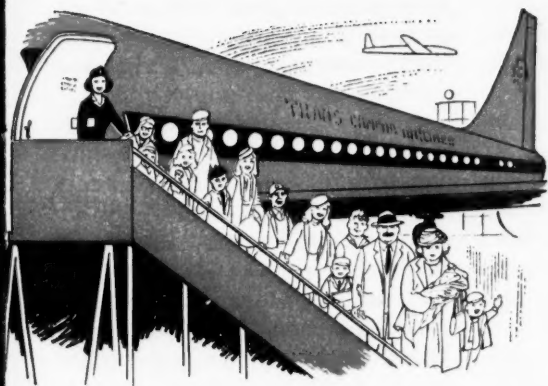
Much speculation went on in Protestant circles about life behind its high wall, and the young carpenter was to see it at first hand. Observe he did, and later he charmed his children, clustered around him evenings, with his stories of what he had seen. He told of the serenity he found there, the lovely prayers, the discipline among the girls, and above all the kindness of the nuns who simply wouldn't let him eat his own cold lunch, but served him hot food.

One of those listening children was my mother. She remembered the stories well, for in my childhood years I often heard her come to the defense of the faith solely on the authority of grandfather's "inside information." Furthermore, in spite of no Catholic acquaintance, public school a block away, and prejudiced in-laws and friends, she found the courage to penetrate a strange atmosphere 15 blocks away. Thus, I, her first daughter, became a 1st-grade pupil in Roanoke's St. Andrew's parochial school.

It was here that the seed sown in one generation and nurtured in a second, found nourishment, light, and warmth and finally came into fruition in the third.

Genevieve Miller.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]



Home Movers for the World

By Margy Ecclesine
Condensed from "View"*

A MERRY-LOOKING 11-year-old boy with a cowlick found the eyes of the world focused on him as he stepped from an airplane at Idlewild field, New York City, in May, 1960. The boy was wearing an identification card on his jacket. He was greeted by a battery of newsmen. One of them placed a microphone in the youngster's hands and asked for a statement.

In halting English he said, "Daddy had to go to America to Kalamazoo in Michigan. My mother and two brothers are there. I hope I can play football there. I thank you for me and my family. God bless you."

Pressed for further information, Andreja piped what he had painfully memorized: "My body. My teeth are white, my eyes are blue, my lips are red, they speak to you. To this I

ICEM, the free world's largest international organization, has helped a million people strike roots in new lands

have—two hands, you see; two eyes and nose, and *this is me*. My hands have ten fingers, my feet have ten toes. I write with my fingers. I dance on my toes."

The key words were "this is me," the age-old cry of the individual for recognition.

Andreja Suritis, a Latvian boy born in a refugee camp in Germany, was the millionth European to be placed in a new home in eight years by ICEM (called "Ice-em" in the slang of international diplomacy), the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration.

Andreja was a refugee, but more than half of the people helped by ICEM have never seen the inside of

*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N.Y. May, 1961. © 1961, and reprinted with permission.

a refugee camp. They are simply migrants from overcrowded countries—Italy, Greece, Spain, the Netherlands—where supply never meets demand; where heavy population, underemployment, and lack of opportunity greet a child at birth.

The organization's job is to help move these "surplus" people to nations overseas that need population: countries like Australia, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela, and Chile.

During its short existence (operations began in February, 1952), ICEM has become the second largest international organization in the world. It is bigger than NATO, second only to the UN. It is the free world's largest organization (the Soviet Union is not a member).

ICEM is supported by 29 member nations, including the U. S. The cost to the U. S. is only 7½¢ a year per person aided, although the U. S. bears about one-third of ICEM's total costs.

The organization was created in Brussels in December, 1951, at an international conference on migration, called at the request of the U. S. Its three directors have all been Americans.

Marcus Daly, the present director, is a businessman turned diplomat, from Lincroft, N.J. He now lives in Geneva, Switzerland, with the rank of ambassador. As director of the world's greatest peacetime moving operation, he travels about 100,000 miles a year, calling on heads of gov-

ernments, inspecting field missions, addressing religious and social organizations. He keeps a businessman's watchful eye on the changing needs of various countries.

It is not unusual for Mr. Daly to call on Pope John, Generalissimo Franco, and Mayor Willie Brandt of West Berlin in one week. West Germany is one of the countries in which the "surplus people" situation has changed greatly. With economic growth has come almost total absorption of manpower, so that the urgent need for migration from Germany that existed immediately after the 2nd World War is no longer felt.

Holland, surprisingly, cannot absorb its own manpower, in spite of being economically sound, with a high standard of living. The reason is its physical limitations. The birth rate is high, the death rate low in the Netherlands. The country has approximately the population of Pennsylvania, but is only one quarter of its size in land area.

For centuries the Dutch have struggled to seize extra inches of land from the sea. With the loss of Indonesia, they had to accept back on their soil hundreds of thousands of loyal subjects from the lost colonies. The pressure within its borders has led the Dutch government, with characteristic foresight, to encourage its people to emigrate. Its present emigration goal is 40,000 to 50,000 a year.

Recently a farmer left his 20 acres in Holland to emigrate to Canada

with his wife and 12 children. He had too little land to divide among the sons when they are grown, the traditional Dutch system. Before he left he was shown films of various countries which welcome experienced farmers. He was fully informed about their bad as well as their good features. He was helped through all the necessary red tape. With reasonable luck, he will own his own farm in Canada in about five years.

In Italy, 10% of the labor force is always unemployed. The restless millions are both an economic problem and a political danger. They are likely to vote communist as a protest against their desperate lot. It is one way of signaling "this is me."

ICEM does not concern itself with Europeans who have money enough to move under their own steam, but it does concern itself with someone like Ermanno Garotta. Ermanno, an Italian lithographer, emigrated to Bogotá, Colombia, on July 4, 1957. Two years later he had organized a graphic-arts firm which now employs 30 Colombian workers.

Domenico Bertoletti, of Traversetolo, sailed to Santos, Brazil, less than two years ago. First he tried to set up an automobile-repair shop, but was not successful. Then he went to work for a machine-tool and tractor-parts factory, where he is now technical director. The factory now produces a high-precision borer designed by him. After hours, Domenico serves as technical consult-

ant to six motor shops in Santos.

Joseph Brunner, an Austrian fitter and welder, has found his future in Australia. He met a German girl who had been in Australia only one day. They are happily married and have a three-year-old son. Brunner, after crisscrossing the continent, enjoys steady employment in Brisbane.

You might point out that all these men were skilled workers. True, but they were not always skilled. The Italian government, with the assistance of ICEM, has set up special vocational-training centers. Language training is essential, and the untrained learn in the language of the country to which they are going.

"We have developed our own language-training system," Mr. Daly says. "An Italian teaches a Spaniard Italian, and vice versa. This saves us a lot of time and money for teachers."

Does a country want to lose its skilled workers? Not really; but neither does a receiving country want all unskilled migrants. "Spain has one of the finest vocational schools. We pay the Spanish government \$100 a head for every man trained," Mr. Daly reports.

Greece is an ideal country in which to observe ICEM at work. It has, perhaps, the lowest income per capita of all the NATO countries, as well as the lowest standard of living. It was ravaged by guerrilla fighting and by both German and Italian invasion in the last war. The government recognizes that it must encour-

age emigration. Many of the people have an income of about \$5 a month. ICEM has one of its largest staffs in Greece: more than 100 trained personnel.

"Operation My Fair Lady" is what Mrs. Ruth Tropin calls ICEM's work with Greek women. Mrs. Tropin has been with ICEM since its beginning. From the New York office, which she heads, she has met every plane and every shipload of persons who have come into this country under the program.

She tells of her observations on a recent tour of Greece. Girls applying for emigration have had perhaps three years of school, just enough to read newspapers in their own language. Because of unemployment and competition against males—in a country which perpetuates the dowry system—the future is bleak for a Greek girl.

A program matches the training of a girl with the demand of the receiving country. For instance, a great demand for domestic workers exists in many lands. The first thing is to teach the girl the strange-to-her concept of three meals a day. The typical village home has no kitchen as such. A fireplace is used for one real meal a day. There is no dining room.

The girl is taught hygiene. She learns the language of the country to which she is going. She is introduced to a supermarket and given a chance to shop. When she gets to the U. S., Canada, or Australia, she

will undoubtedly send home an immigrant remittance, part of her pay (which is fantastically high by Greek standards). The money sent home to families by Greeks who have emigrated furnishes that country four times more capital than tourism does.

A careful preselective program has been established in Greece to avoid disappointing people or wasting funds on those who would be rejected because of health or attitude. An ICEM team goes out to a village and talks with the bishop or priest and other community leaders to determine the sentiment toward emigration. If a large number indicate interest, the team schedules interviews. A team usually consists of a doctor, employment specialists, and case workers familiar with the problems of both the receiving and sending country.

Before an emigrant reaches the country of his choice a mountain of paper work must be waded through. Before he leaves Europe, he must have photographs, identity document, residence or citizenship certificate, birth certificate, marriage certificate, marital-status certificate, tax certificate, good-conduct or penal certificate, parents' or wife's-consent certificate, proof of sponsorship or work, application for passport form. ICEM helps him to assemble all these items.

To get into another country he needs more photographs, more certificates, an X-ray report, blood-test

report, vaccination report, trade certificate, support affidavit, and other documents. All must be translated into the language of the country to which he is going.

"Without organizations such as ICEM or the voluntary agencies to guide them through this maze of certificates, I'm certain many would give up any thought of re-settling," says Mr. Daly.

"Finally, the precious visa goes into the passport or travel document, and ICEM arranges transport for our traveler. We often charter planes—sometimes ships when the numbers going to a certain destination warrant it. Once in the new country, the newcomer may turn once again to ICEM for help in job placement or other assistance," he says.

Mrs. Tropin was impressed by the high native intelligence of the Greeks. She tells of men from small islands, peasants and fishermen, who traveled miles over water in their caiques to be interviewed by an Australian team. They had never spoken English, scarcely ever heard it.

In two months, with one-hour-a-day instruction, they were able to read and write the language. "Usually children leap over the language barrier," she says, "translating for the oldsters in no time."

"After all these years, I'm still trying to sort out why anyone is willing to be a DP," Mrs. Tropin muses. "It takes great courage to leave your homeland and strike out. I guess it's

just that nobody wants to feel he's 'surplus.'"

People who voluntarily left their homelands constituted about two-thirds of the 116,800 that ICEM helped move in 1960. The others were refugees.

"We have lived with the refugee problem so long that our hearts have grown callous, and it now takes a catastrophe the size of Hungary to move us to action," Mr. Daly says. Since he was not associated with the organization at the time, he takes pride in citing the achievement of ICEM when called upon by the Austrian government to take charge of the Hungarian tidal wave.

"In four months, 122,000 Hungarian refugees were moved out of Austria. By the end of 1958, all but 15,000, a number not impossible for Austria to manage, had been re-settled. And an additional 13,000 had been evacuated from Yugoslavia and sent on to new homes.

"This task required staff members to work around the clock seven days a week during the height of the flood. It should be a source of strength to the free world to know that an organization stands equipped to handle such a job."

The U.S. record in ICEM, Mr. Daly says, has been outstanding. "This country has taken in three quarters of a million refugees since the war and has contributed an impressive amount of money on behalf of refugees throughout the world. That is too often ignored, not just

abroad, but in this country as well."

Daly, a friendly, unpretentious man with a passion for public service, makes good use of his legal and business background. He is a graduate of the Foreign Service school of Georgetown university. He did graduate work in law at the University of Pennsylvania, St. John's university, and the Academy of International Law in the Hague. He has lectured on international affairs at Fordham university and Hunter college. He headed an investment corporation before entering public service. He and Mrs. Daly have a daughter, Lucelle (Mrs. William A.

Baker), of Tucson, Ariz., and four grandchildren.

He visits the Vatican four or five times a year, and always finds Pope John particularly interested in the family-reunion program. The two converse in French. Daly works closely with ncwc and Catholic Relief services as well as the voluntary agencies of other churches.

Marcus Daly finds his work tremendously satisfying. He says his own faith is strengthened by a constant recognition of "the sense of dignity of an individual person," the strange and moving power of the small voice that cries "this is me."



THE PERFECT ASSIST

At one time I taught the primary grades of a two-room school in a small town.

Some of the pupils went home for the noon meal. The others, as well as I, carried lunches. We ate at our desks.

One morning when I was in a great hurry I forgot my lunch pail. That noon one of the children asked, "Mrs. Koch, where is your lunch?"

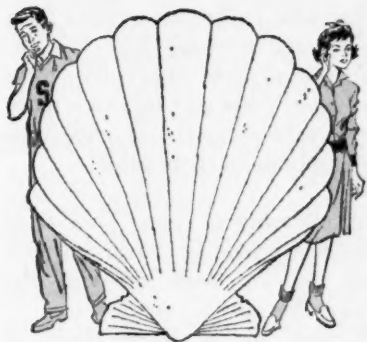
"Oh, I forgot it," I said rather absently, and went on checking papers at my desk. A few moments later the other teacher called me out of the room. When I returned I found that a paper towel had been spread out on my desk. On it were carefully arranged three sandwiches, two pieces of cake, a piece of pie, two walnuts, a ripe prune, an apple, a big dill pickle, and an all-day sucker.

The smiling faces of those happy little children helped make that the most enjoyable lunch I have ever had.

Lois Koch.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

What Teen=Agers Are Really Like



*When their bewildering antics are examined scientifically,
something like sense begins to emerge*

By John E. Gibson

THE WORLD of the teen-ager, a labyrinth of uncertainties, challenges, and apparent contradictions, is sometimes bewildering, sometimes fascinating. Quite often the adolescent finds it just as difficult to understand himself as his parents do.

In universities and research foundations, psychologists and sociologists continue to explore this world. Here are some of their most recent findings.

Why are teen-agers so often inclined to be rebellious against society and to reject parental suggestions?

They wish to test their ability to think things out independently. University of Michigan investigators surveyed a national cross section of

teen-agers on this point. Says study director Dr. Elizabeth Douban in summing up the survey findings, "Aware of his ability to control his own behavior, the adolescent over-protests. Once he sees that he can have a viewpoint of his own, he must for a while reject his parents' position simply because it is the parents'. Unsure of his independence, he must continually reassert it, even though he might prefer the parents' way if some one else were to suggest it. His rule seems to be: 'Say No first, and then decide what you want.'"

Are teen-age girls more easily embarrassed than teen-age boys?

Studies conducted by Dr. Martin Grotjahn, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern

California, show that teen-age boys are far more easily embarrassed than the average teen-age lass. His investigations show that girls have more social poise and are much more able to take awkward or embarrassing situations in their stride.

In choosing a career, are most teen-agers primarily concerned with what the job pays, or with the chances for advancement?

Neither. In a recent study of teen-agers conducted by Syracuse university investigators, a random sample of 1,181 high-school students were asked to fill out questionnaires indicating the considerations they felt most important in choosing a career. Here are the things they felt most essential, in the order they considered most important.

1. *Interesting work.* (A job that I can enjoy.)
2. *Security.* (Steady work, being sure of a job.)
3. *Working conditions.* (Good hours, pleasant surroundings.)
4. *Salary.*
5. *Advancement.* (A job with a chance to get ahead.)
6. *Prestige.* (Work that is "highly respected.")
7. *Fringe benefits.* (Vacations, social security, retirement plans.)
8. *Independence.* ("Be my own boss." "Work on my own.")

Is it true that teen-agers who are the most active in school and social activities are inclined to shirk—or

"not find time" for—their chores around the home?

No. A recent study of nearly 5,000 teen-agers conducted by Washington State university investigators showed that those who had the most outside activities were also doing the most work at home. It was also found that students who went in for many extracurricular activities came from the happiest and most congenial homes.

Do teen-agers do better in their school exams when keyed up or when relaxed?

Studies at Emory university show that they make better scores on various mental and academic tests when relaxed. In the study, 150 students were tested in three groups on reasoning and verbal ability.

With one group, the examiner did everything he could to put the students at ease and to minimize stress during the test. His manner was warm, casual; he made friendly comments; he gave the students to understand that the tests were just a little experiment. With another group, the examiner took steps calculated to induce moderate tension. His manner was impersonal and cold; he gave the impression that the tests might have some bearing on the students' future academic status. The third group was subjected to treatment aimed at inducing high tension. The examiner appeared impatient, told students their scores would be entered on school records and that tests

would be strictly timed. The alarm of a loudly ticking clock announced elapsed time at two-minute intervals.

Students in the first group made the highest scores on the tests. The second group made appreciably lower scores. Lowest scores of all were made by the third group, who were the most tense. Conclusions of the investigators: tension does interfere with intellectual performance.

Do teen-age boys feel that they are more attractive to the opposite sex than teen-age girls do?

Yes. Recent University of Wisconsin studies show that teen-age boys have far fewer qualms than girls in regard to their attractiveness to the opposite sex. More than two and a half times as many boys as girls described themselves as "completely satisfied with my physical attractiveness." The majority of the girls were unhappy with their facial appearance (82% of them wished their features were different). And almost twice as many girls as boys were dissatisfied with their body build and general appearance. Girls for the most part wished to be smaller or lighter. As for the boys who felt dissatisfied with themselves, most desired broader shoulders, thicker arms, bigger chest, larger chin.

Do most parents think that teen-agers have too much self-confidence?

Yes. University of Chicago studies show that most parents do so think, but at the same time the University's

wide-scale survey of teen-age attitudes refutes this notion. The average teen-age does *not* feel overconfident; he feels unsure of himself. The investigators suggest that the assumption by parents that teen-agers have unrealistically high opinions of themselves may stem from the fact that parents accept at face value "a protective bravado which the adolescent assumes to protect himself, both from arousing parental anxieties and from his own feelings of inadequacy."

Do the smartest teen-agers make the best grades in school?

No. The U.S. Office of Education sponsored a study of the students of ten typical high schools in various parts of the country. The study showed that the best grades were not made by those with the most intellectual ability. The investigation showed, further, that the vast majority of students regarded brilliant scholarship as carrying little social status. Distinction in athletics and "popularity" were considered to be the most rewarding achievements. Earning high grades was disparaged. That is, Prof. James S. Coleman points out, why students who strive for high academic achievement are not necessarily those of highest intelligence, but more likely to be the ones willing to work hard at relatively unrewarded activity. And the students with real ability are led to achieve only when there are social rewards (primarily from their peers).

Airmen at the edge of the world
guard us from a surprise attack

Our Eyes in the Arctic

By Alan Arnold

OVERHEAD, a hungry seagull circles in the midnight sun. In an alert hangar far below, pilots in flying clothes sip steaming coffee or read once again letters from home. This is routine at Elmendorf Air Force base near Anchorage, headquarters of the Alaskan Air Command.

Suddenly a claxon horn shatters the silence. Letters and coffee are forgotten; a few jet pilots race for a brass pole which would do justice to any firehouse. The pilots slide to the 1st floor and dash for their waiting supersonic airplanes.

Within three minutes their quick take-off, or "scramble," is complete. Half a dozen sleek F-102 Delta Dagger jets nose into the gray Alaska night on an intercept mission. Their target? An airplane, but they know not whose.

The jets fly at twice the speed of sound. Watching the eerie green glow of instruments in his darkened cockpit, each pilot realizes the mystery target might merely be an airliner which has wandered off course



or is running ahead of or behind schedule in the Alaska Air Defense Identification Zone (ADIZ). All aircraft flying in this zone must file a flight plan and adhere to prescribed course and speed. The target possibly is a bush pilot's plane with its radio dead, bouncing through an Arctic blizzard in search of shelter. Or it could be an enemy bomber hauling a hydrogen bomb with which to eliminate Seattle, Detroit, or Los Angeles.

"That's one thought that gives each of us sort of a tight spot in the pit of his stomach," one Alaskan Air Command minuteman said—a mod-

ern minuteman with pressurized anti-G suit and crash helmet. "We just never know what to expect on one of those intercepts. It's like not knowing whether the U. S. is at war, and flying out to find out."

Why the jet scramble? Minutes before, a 20th-century Paul Revere looked into his electronic lantern called radar and saw what could have been the enemy coming.

The F-102's are vectored toward the unknown aircraft by high-precision radar units on the ground. When the fighters get to within 30 or 40 miles of the target, the pilots can then track it on their airborne radars. Electronics can get them there, but it is still up to the human eye to make positive identification of the could-be attacker.

These Alaskan Air Command jet pilots have never fired a shot in anger, but they are constantly prepared to do so. Each F-102 includes in its arsenal tiny but accurate Falcon rockets and larger, more deadly Genie rockets capable of delivering a nuclear knockout punch against enemy aircraft.

Behind each scramble is a true story of love as great as anything Hollywood ever dreamed up: of men for their families; pilots for their supersonic fighters; skilled technicians for their complex radar units; and citizens for their freedom. There is also a story of boredom and loneliness. The stars are the Air Force men who staff AAC's aircraft control and warning stations, part of Ameri-

ca's expanding multimillion-dollar burglar-alarm system at the top of the world.

The intercept mission as described may have started when an airman on St. Lawrence island nearly 1,000 miles to the northwest of Elmendorf suddenly huddled closer to his radar scope as a tiny spot of light crept onto the screen he was assigned to monitor. Efforts to identify the aircraft, represented electronically as a bright yellow blip, had failed. While the mystery plane continued to probe toward the U. S. mainland, the operator had double-checked all existing flight plans of aircraft known to be in the area. None could logically be applied to the spot of light moving slowly across the screen.

After other futile checks, the radarman knew he had a date with White Alice, a dependable gal who speaks with a loud, clear voice throughout the Arctic wilderness.

The alarm sounded. Jet fighters were scrambled, and the unknown's identity established. This time, it was friendly.

White Alice is a series of electronic communications systems scattered throughout Alaska, including the Aleutian islands. The units, the huge antennas of which very closely resemble a drive-in movie screen, are the backbone of AAC communications. White Alice operates on a relatively new principle of bouncing radio signals off the earth's tropospheric layer. This provides an all-weather, highly reliable system with

which to link AAC's sentries of the Arctic.

White Alice is expensive. The system cost about \$140 million, but is earning its keep in a land where there is but one short railroad, few good roads, and some of the world's most rugged terrain, which blocks even the stringing of telephone lines.

Units of White Alice are located whenever possible at or near the AC&W remote sites. Together, AC&W and White Alice are the eyes and ears of freedom.

The mission of the Alaskan Air Command is threefold. It is to furnish expeditious early warning of aggressor attack to Continental U.S. by means of its far-flung radar and communications network; to provide air defense for Alaska and northwest Arctic airplane approaches to the U.S.; and to provide a launching facility in the form of runways for retaliatory Strategic Air Command aircraft.

Thousands of Air Force personnel annually get a one-way ticket to serve on AAC's "boondock brigade," manning the early-warning network. These men are assigned to the remote sites for a one-year period—which sometimes seems like a lifetime, despite the somewhat plush accommodations provided them.

A man is bound to find it difficult when he is suddenly plucked from home, family, and friends and sent into isolation. Everything possible is done by the Air Force to ease the strain of being confined with 150

others in the same boring situation.

Almost every man you meet in the long hallways which connect these AC&W site buildings can tell you in a second just how long he has to remain there—in months, weeks, days, and hours, and sometimes minutes. All agree it's a long year. Most agree, too, that the network is vital.

"We have a never-ending battle against boredom," one officer commented as he plunged a knife deeper into a thick medium-rare steak, part of the regular fare for that day. "Some of the men—yeah, officers, too—turn into what we call hall walkers. When they get to that stage, something has to be done or else they are of no use to us."

A hall walker is suffering from severe boredom, he explained. Possibly the man is not interested in hobbies. Maybe he does not care for reading or music. A hall walker will spend hours pacing along hallways which expedite winter operations when snow may be roof high outside.

Some men turn to religion for peace of mind; others increase their study and practice of it.

Catholic chaplains attending the far-flung AC&W sites have what well may be the highest average per capita attendance at Masses throughout the armed services. Practically all of the Catholic airmen go to Mass as often as possible. Confessions are heard at regularly scheduled times.

Chapel services are conducted in rooms which ordinarily serve other

purposes. At one site a chaplain may offer Mass in a huge recreation hall or theater, while at another remote site the hobby shop may be used.

Catholic men stationed at AC&W sites adjacent to tiny Alaskan villages scattered across the frozen northland also get to Mass at civilian missions—when a priest is present. Both missions and missionaries in Alaska, nearly one fourth the size of the rest of the U.S., are relatively few.

Because men and officers have an abundance of spare time, especially in winter, when snow may be rooftop high, Bible reading is popular. Religious reading attracts many men who, before being severed from populated areas, had little or no interest in religion.

One of the most important morale builders is mail call. An invisible tide of depression and disappointment sweeps through the maze of buildings one by one as the word is passed that the mail plane had to overfly that day because of bad weather or other reasons.

Each letter is important. It may only be a note from Aunt Mae saying that Uncle Ralph broke his arm but is doing well; a post card from a kid brother serving with the army in Germany; a box of mashed cookies from mother; or a miss-you-so note from a girl friend or wife. Regardless, the men fidget and make almost meaningless small talk while the postal clerk is sorting the day's mail on days when the plane can land.

When a small sign lights up to proclaim "Mail," they all come running.

Participation in sports—especially baseball during the brief Arctic summer—is almost 100%. The diamond is usually a muddy lot within easy walking distance of the main building. The backstop might be a coil of hastily unrolled chicken wire.

General recreation facilities at the AC&W sites, where usually between 150 and 200 personnel are stationed, rival such facilities at much larger Air Force bases in the U.S. Most of the AC&W sites have at least one hobby shop for leathercraft, ceramics, electronics, archery, lapidary work, or any of a dozen other crafts. The shops are usually packed to capacity.

There are well-stocked libraries, bright chapels, movie theaters, and airman and officer clubs. Occasional USO shows visit the installations.

Aware that all work and no play is bad, AAC has set up recreation camps where men from the AC&W sites may spend leave time. Largest of these camps is at King Salmon, where some fish have never seen an artificial lure. Most fish there are measured in feet—not inches. Some of the best hunting in the world is literally just outside the windows of AC&W sites.

Unaware, walk into any of the noncommissioned officers' quarters at a typical AC&W site and you think for a moment you took a wrong turn in the long hallway and wound up in the visiting generals' quarters. Then you will notice a neatly

pressed uniform with sergeant's stripes hanging in a closet. Typical noncommissioned officers' quarters, which usually are private rooms, compare favorably with medium-priced hotels. They may have plush new drapes and mahogany or oak furniture, and feature fluorescent lighting.

Regular mess-hall food ranges from good to excellent. The men eat it off china plates rather than typical military trays.

At some of the stations near Alaska communities, a few of the airmen hold part-time jobs, both to help while away otherwise boring hours and to earn extra money. For Air Force personnel at King Salmon, there is work available at nearby Naknek. Fish canneries there hire workers during the peak of canning activity.

In Alaska, where a small loaf of bread sells for 50¢, a hamburger for \$1, and a cup of coffee is 15¢, supply is a prime problem. Terrain and climate have teamed up to make a knotty problem of logistics. The lack of land routes and limited water transportation brings the airplane into focus as the most feasible means of resupply for outlying areas, both military and civilian.

The AC&W site at Sparrevohn, which has a mountaintop for a runway, is linked to the outside world only via air. Sparrevohn's airstrip runs uphill and downhill, with a deep dip in the middle—enough to give gray hair even to experienced

pilots. Nonetheless, pilots of the 5040th Operations squadron, headquartered at Elmendorf, set their lumbering transport planes onto the field almost daily. Entry to the strip is through a very narrow mountain pass. The runway ends abruptly at the foot of a granite mountain.

At Cape Newenham, an AC&W site located in southwestern Alaska, 100-mile-an-hour winds and low visibility are not infrequent. The site, just as at Sparrevohn, is connected to the outside world only by airplane. Cape Newenham's dirt runway stretches uphill at a 12° angle!

Each year, Mona Lisa flashes her smile over the Alaskan wilderness. This Mona Lisa is not the famed lady of the painting, but rather a code name applied for a massive resupply operation for the military there. Mona Lisa began as a joint operation of the Air Force, Navy, and Army, but in 1948 was consigned to civilian commercial transportation firms. The bulk of staple items for Alaskan military bases is shipped through Operation Mona Lisa—rather like taking the supermarket to the customer.

Odd things happen because of the remoteness of AC&W radar sites. At King Salmon, it is common to behold the astonishment of a newly arrived airman after he calls a base taxi. The taxi arrives quickly, but often the airman is so awed he has to be helped aboard—it is a huge troop transport truck, being used as a taxi because there are many such trucks

there but a slim supply of sedans. Or maybe you would notice a ten-ton, four-wheel-drive truck pulling a small, light trailer. Or one may wonder, since there are no women at the sites, just who is supposed to use four cases of beauty soap being unloaded from a transport plane.

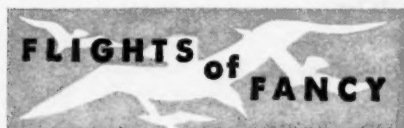
With headquarters in a building fondly called the Kremlin, the Alaskan Air Command traces its lineage

from the 11th Air Force, noted for striking the Japanese on their own islands during the 2nd World War. The AAC's Kremlin, near the flight line at Elmendorf, got its nickname primarily because it looks so out of place. It has the same superofficial atmosphere and appearance as the Soviet Kremlin. The building, painted green, has brightly colored tile halls and a circular driveway in front—quite a contrast to the other drab buildings at Elmendorf.

Recently at an AC&W site in Northwestern Alaska, within throwing distance of the Soviet Siberian mainland, a small group of U.S. airmen from one radar site were warming their hands over a tiny fire while on a hunting trip. Asia and North America are joined for several months each year when a thin strip of water between the continents freezes solid.

The men noticed a Russian army squad marching on the ice, guns in hand and battle gear ready. Suddenly the squad did a right flank and proceeded directly toward the U.S. airmen. The nonplussed airmen grabbed their hunting equipment and ran, slowly at first, then faster and faster toward their AC&W site. They had decided the U.S. was being invaded by Soviet ground forces.

One thing appears certain. The F-102 Delta Daggers which make daily flights over their "Kremlin" are poised to deliver a knockout punch to hostile aircraft from any other Kremlin.



PICTURED: Wind nagging at the clothesline. *Sister Cesira, F.M.A.* . . . Small fire apologizing in the fireplace. *Burke Boyce* . . . Alarm clock ripping open another day. *Fannie Hurst* . . . Commas dripping like wet socks from a clothesline. *Our Times.*

PEOPLED: He stood up for his rights like a boy on his first pair of stilts. *N. C. Clement* . . . Camera-men all a-shutter. *Sister Cesira, F.M.A.*

POINTED: Poodles and psychiatrists are taking over in New York. *Horace Sutton* . . . Cats sleep stout and walk slender. *Mary C. Dorsey* . . . Rock 'n' roll: mugging set to music. *David Burns.*

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

*Life at the "richest hill on earth"
has always been seasoned with
danger and laughter*

The Body and Soul of Butte

By Sister Mary Bridget, S.C.L.

MY CITY, Butte, Mont., has a deeply scarred face. She is grimy with the refuse of a long-dead smelter. But those who know her realize that beneath that rugged surface she has great resources of kindness and courage as well as minerals. She cherishes the ageless values for which one always has to dig deep.

The clash of the giant wills of the early copper kings — William Clark, Marcus Daly, and P. Augustus Heinze — can still be felt in the mining-camp atmosphere of Butte. And the mines they

fought over still produce the copper which gives her the right to be called "the richest hill on earth."

A stranger coming into Butte at night, dazzled by the twinkling lights, expects to find a wide, airy city with trees, flowers, and fountains. Then he wakes up in the morning to the ugliest face he has ever gazed upon. There, astride buttes nestling at the foot of the Rockies, is a sprawling community quite unconcerned about her lack of beauty. The Mountain Con peers out over the valley. To those who



Marcus Daly Memorial

venture close to her, the roar of her cage, carrying its load of miners from the heart of the earth, is deafening.

Over on the eastern approach to the city the Leonard mine opens right onto the main street of Meaderville, and ore cars slide past on their shimmering rails.

Seeping out of the mines, channeled by sluice boxes, the copper water flows into paddies reflecting shades of green, turquoise, and blue. The kids of Butte have always loved to wade in these copper ditches, and many an evening their feet and hands are minus the upper layer of skin.

To know the people of Butte is to know what courage and humor are. Fifty years ago or more the Irish were told not to stop in the U.S. but to go on to Butte, Mont. And on they went in great hordes. Overnight Dublin Gluch and Corktown sprang up with almost as many Irish inhabitants as in the cities they were named for.

St. Patrick's day became a holiday in Butte, and Tom Kelly never failed to see that the brewery turned out keg after keg of green beer, usually served "on the house." Citizens cheered the news of the Irish rebellion and mourned the death of Terence MacSwiney, the Lord Mayor of Cork.

If you wanted to get your hair cut, you hiked up to Mickey the Bird's and Mamie the Barber's, where you not only received your

money's worth of service but were enchanted by the songs of Hugh O'Neil, the Bard of Armagh, and thrilled to hear Mickey recite all stanzas of *My Dark Rosaleen*.

Butte had characters who spiced the town with an unforgettable flavor. One of them was Shoestring Annie, who stood on the corner of Park and Main selling her wares, unaware that she had become a landmark. Then there was Straight-Back Dan, who would begin his favorite recital with the words, "I was down at the Union, at the Union," and tell in extraordinary detail how he escaped when the Miner's Union was blown sky high.

Barry O'Leary, mayor of a decade or two ago, still carried out in great tradition the 4th-of-July street dances, following the fanciest parade you'd ever see. Sparrow Murphy was (and probably still is) the most beloved of all shift bosses. None of his "boys" was permitted to enter the mine without his partner, and many a man saw daylight once again because of "the Bird."

The Irish are by no means the only inhabitants of this city. The Cousin Jacks and the Cousin Jennies from Wales and Cornwall contributed to making Butte unique. They brought with them the art of making dainty pasties and saffron buns.

They went down into the mines side by side with the Irish, and proved that they, too, were stout-hearted men when it came to fusing the dynamite or pulling a partner

out of an air-deficiency pocket. They could expand their vocal cords just as loudly on *The Cruiskeen Bawn* as they could on *God Save the King*.

Meaderville was the center of gravity for those migrating from sunny Italy. They brought their uncanny knowledge of grapes and wine, of spaghetti and meat balls and the strange, delicious ravioli. Ted Traparish's Rocky Mountain restaurant became the No. 1 spot for connoisseurs, and Charlie Erb's Savoy could serve a chicken dinner that even the chickens would have to admire.

Along with their knowledge of good things to eat, those sons of Italy brought the love of music, and this, too, became part of the growing culture in Butte.

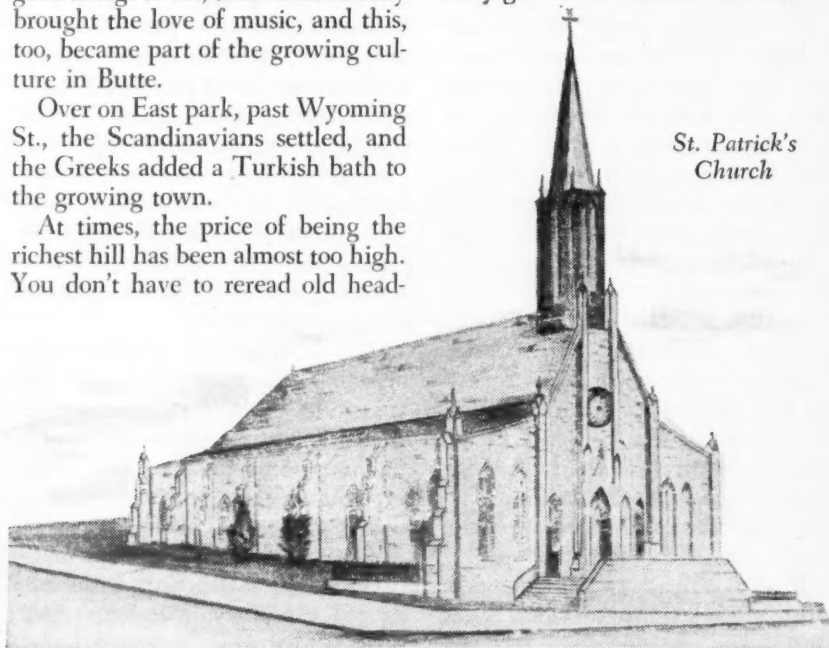
Over on East park, past Wyoming St., the Scandinavians settled, and the Greeks added a Turkish bath to the growing town.

At times, the price of being the richest hill has been almost too high. You don't have to reread old head-

lines in the Butte *Daily Post* or the *Montana Standard* (SEVEN MEN DIE IN CAVE-IN) to know the tensions of a miner's life. You know it by reading the faces of the miners as they come up to surface. You see it in the determination of these men to see that their sons receive an education which will enable them to become a part of a white-collared world.

Yet those very men will never renege on their chosen occupation. It takes stamina to go back, day after day, into the depths of the earth, knowing with certainty that the mine will eventually take its toll. But these men are the seed of the early giants who inhabited Butte.

St. Patrick's
Church

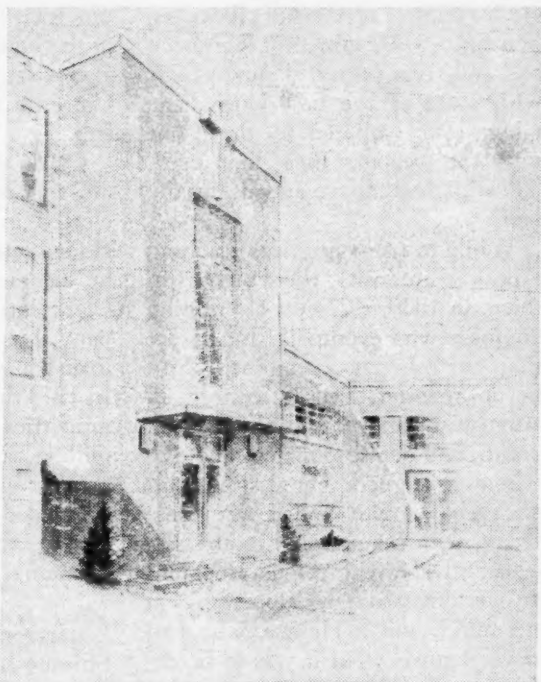


Illustrations by Sister Mary Annette, S.C.L.

On a hot July day in 1864 two bearded miners, George Humphrey and William Alliason, staked a gold claim at the foot of a sprawling butte in southwestern Montana Territory. This was destined to become the site of the bloodiest, most expansive, and most expensive battle of wits and muscles ever witnessed in the Northwest, the war of the copper kings.

After a gold rush of three years the claims folded up, and Butte township became just another ghost town. For the consolation of 50 miners who remained in the town, two bars stayed open. All other supplies had to be hauled in. In the spring of 1872 William Andrew Clark, one-time miner, mail runner, teacher, banker, and financier (and future U. S. senator) arrived from Deer Lodge to look the hill over with hope of claiming either silver or gold. Within a year he purchased the Calusa, the Original, the Gambetta, and the Mountain Chief mines. One king was here to stay—one stick of TNT.

Around 1875 a fellow named William Farlin struck a rich vein of silver. The population, like his blood



New Girls' Central High

pressure, rose: to 5,000. When Farlin began paying his freighting bills with silver bars, the Walker brothers, bankers from Salt Lake City, sent a young Irish foreman, Marcus Daly, to look over the situation.

Daly not only looked over but took over the hill. First he purchased the Lexington and Alice mines; then he managed to talk Mike Hickey into selling his claim to the Anaconda mine. It was this mine that became synonymous with Daly and copper—another stick of TNT.

For the next 13 years the two giants were locked in constant strug-

gle for control of the hill. Pickaxes, dynamite, 5,000 miners at their beck and call, two powerful newspapers with some of the best journalistic talent ever gathered in the West were the weapons these men used. They hit both above and below the belt.

While the slugging was reaching a peak of intensity, there arrived in town, in 1889, a 22-year-old mining engineer who eventually hit harder than the other two combined. Surveyor, reporter, and buccaneer, P. Augustus Heinze had the height, width, and depth to match any king who ever reigned. He was the third stick of dynamite. When you fuse a Clark, with his personal interests at stake; a Daly, with the development of western Montana uppermost in his mind; and a Heinze, who had never known what it was to be defeated, you have an incomparable Donnybrook. The mines became no man's land. The war raged for ten years.

Finally, in 1899, Daly, broken in health, sold his holdings to the Amalgamated Mining Co. with the

provision that he would be president of the new company. When he died a year later, the Anaconda Mining Co. (the new name) took over in full.

Clark, whose election to the Senate was opposed by Daly, was re-elected in 1900, but the price included settling with the AMC. When he died in 1926, his heirs sold the Clark interests in full to the company. That left the last king, Heinze, to do battle with the giant Anaconda. In 1913 the company bought out his properties and holdings for \$10.5 million, and the war ended. The greatest giant of all, Anaconda, had succeeded in mesmerizing and swallowing up the copper kings of Montana.

CHRIST CAME to "the land of the Shining Mountains" in the person of the great Blackrobe Father Peter de Smet and other stronghearted Jesuits who labored among the Indians and whites of the new territory. The Vicar Apostolic of Leavenworth, Bishop John B. Miegé, S.J., blessed the undertaking of those pioneer missionaries. Father Laurence Pallidino, S.J., left a monumental work in his *Indians and Whites of the Northwest* as a testimony to the vanishing tribes and the new frontier.

On April 8, 1883, Bishop John B. Brondel of Vancouver Island was appointed administrator of the Mon-



Old Central High School

tana Territory. On the following March 7 a new bishopric was erected in Helena, with Bishop Brondel as first Bishop of Montana.

Three months later the first synod was attended by the largest number of clergy assembled up to that time in Montana: nine Jesuits and four secular priests. Among those were Father Remigius de Ryckere, dean of the Montana clergy. This pioneer priest, a missionary at Deer Lodge, attended to the mining camps in the surrounding districts. In 1876, heeding the need of the copper camp, he purchased a small frame building to serve as St. Patrick's church. Father J. J. Dols was appointed to St. Patrick's in 1884.

Other churches followed: St. Mary's in Dublin Gulch; St. Lawrence O'Toole, rising up from the hilltop of Walkerville with Father Baten keeping his eye on his tribe. The younger parishes of St. Joseph's, St. John's, and St. Ann's added to the Litany of the Saints. The saintly Father J. J. Callaghan started Sacred Heart parish for the neglected and forsaken. He died worn out from his labors at 38. Every hack and carriage in the city was pressed into service; his was the largest funeral ever accorded to any man in Butte. He was buried in St. Patrick's cemetery, at the foot of Montana St.

You won't be in Butte long before you are informed that the town has a

population of 33,250, but that population fluctuates with the rise and fall of the price of copper. There are 500 miles of streets on the surface of the city, while 2,000 miles of corridors and tunnels run parallel underneath it. The city has 20 public schools, nine parochial schools, three high schools, and the Montana State School of Mines. Three teaching Orders, the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary from Dubuque, and the Christian Brothers of Ireland staff the parochial schools.

Twelve thousand men have been employed at a single time on the hill, with a payroll of \$1.5 million a month. Butte produces 8% of the copper mined in the U.S., 13% of the zinc, and 4% of the lead. A bronze statue of Marcus Daly by Saint-Gaudens stands on the School of Mines campus in recognition of the advancement of metallurgy in the field of mining.

You may come into Butte as a stranger, but you don't remain a stranger long. You join in her songs and listen to her stories. Her Chamber of Commerce isn't concerned because it can't brag of a Central park, towering skyscrapers, museums and art galleries. These things are good, Butte agrees, but what she offers to every newcomer is the heartfelt hospitality of a stalwart people.

Word from a little individualist at summer camp: "Our camp councilor got lost today. We told him to." Bob Brown.

North American College in Rome

On Rome's venerable Via de Genicolo is a handsome, modern building that holds great significance for U.S. Catholics. It is the North American College—the home away from home for hundreds of young men with vocations to the priesthood. The years they spend there, while preparing themselves for lifetimes of service as parish priests in U.S. dioceses, are busy and happy ones. The college has a magnificent chapel, libraries, classrooms, even an athletic field where American football is played.

Photos by Three Lions, Inc.



After classes, be-hatted, cassocked students set out for walk into city.

The college has two divisions. One is the original building, opened in 1859 by Pope Pius IX. Looking much the same today as it did then, cobblestoned floors and all, it is used exclusively for American priests pursuing graduate studies.

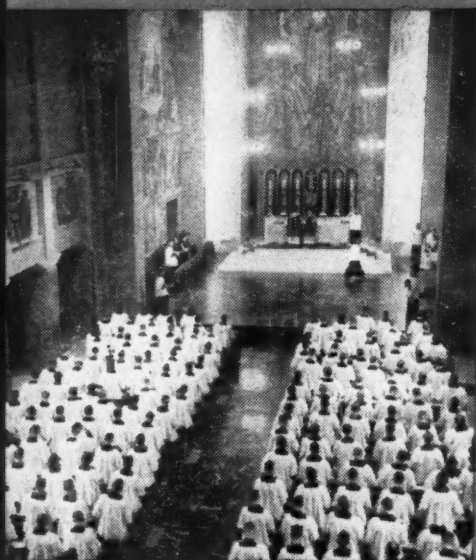
The newer, streamlined building, situated on a hill from which one can glimpse the dome of St. Peter's, was dedicated by Pope Pius XII in 1953. Currently, it houses 300 seminarians. In their blue-piped black cassocks, with wide red belts, they are a familiar sight in Rome.



Façade of chapel is handsomely ornamented with bas-relief of Assumption.

In library, student John Grey of Baltimore, Md., (left) checks out a book for fellow seminarian.





Student body attends Mass in stately chapel dominated by magnificent Assumption mosaic above the altar.

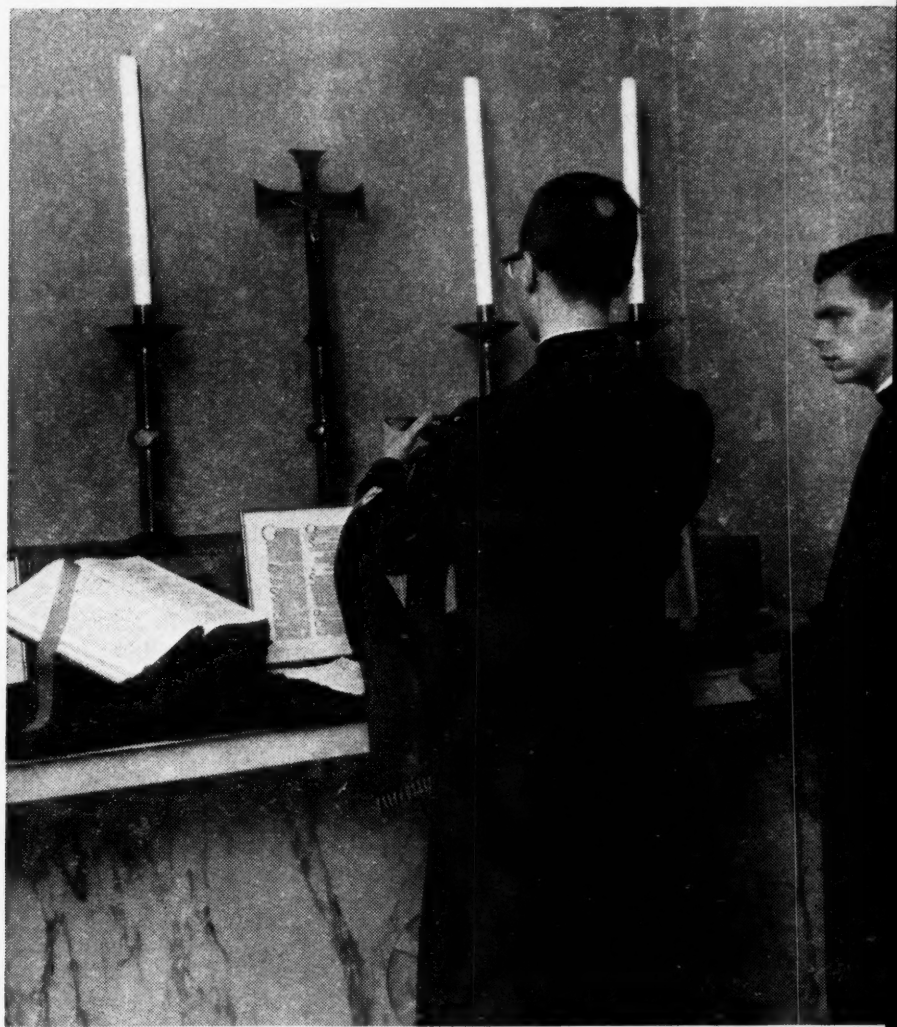
At football game, band member Leroy Linnenbaur performs on brass horn.



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Student trio pauses to admire statue and plaque commemorating visit of Pius XII in 1948, when new building opened.



Now, after years of study, Ordination approaches. A deacon practices the ceremonies of the Mass. Soon he will return to U.S. for assignment to priestly duties.

How to Save on Car Upkeep

As with rearing children, the trick is to strike a balance between coddling and neglect

*Condensed from "Changing Times"**

HOW MUCH CARE do you give your car? Do you take it in for service only when it threatens to quit on you? Or do you change oil every 1,000 miles, tune up the motor on schedule, rotate the tires, and take it in for winter and spring checkups?

Either approach can cause needless spending. Neglect can pile up big repair bills. But you can also spend more on upkeep than is really needed to keep your car in good running order.

The most economical approach is to strike a balance between solicitude and neglect. Here is how fleet managers say to get the most for your car-maintenance dollar.

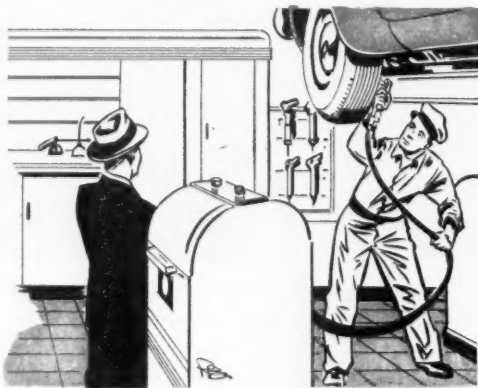
Stick to regular-grade gas unless your owner's manual tells you to use premium. Don't be

tempted by claims for souped-up gas. It will add little if any more mileage. Certainly not enough to make up for the 3¢ to 8¢ a gallon extra it costs. If your engine starts pinging or acts balky on regular, try other brands of regular gas. There is often substantial variation between brands.

If that doesn't do the trick, get your mechanic to make a simple ignition adjustment that should let your engine run smoothly on regular. Only if the engine keeps knocking should you step up to the next highest grade of gas. Saving at least

3¢ on each gallon of gas can add up to \$20 a year if you drive 10,000 miles.

Don't wait till the tank is nearly empty before buying more gas. Running low increases the chances of dirt,



*1729 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. March, 1961. © 1961 by the Kiplinger Washington Editors, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

water, or sediment in the tank being drawn through the fuel system to the carburetor.

You've probably heard all kinds of conflicting advice on how often to lubricate, or change your oil, or what kind to buy. There's no one right answer to fit everybody. Some car owners change oil every 1,000 miles. The oil companies say you should *never* go more than 2,000 without putting in fresh oil. Yet some drivers boast that they "never" change oil. A middle course will give you safety plus savings.

Check your owner's manual. You'll find most late-model cars suggest 3,000 to 4,000-mile intervals between changes for average drivers. But if you travel regularly over dusty roads or drive mostly in short trips and stop-and-go traffic, you should change oil more often, perhaps every 1,000 miles. If you're taking a long, cross-country trip, you can safely go up to 6,000 miles before changing your oil.

Does your car consume oil greedily? Many older autos do. If you have to put in a quart every 500 miles or so, you can generally go a bit longer between changes. Make a point of having the attendant drain the crankcase while the engine is hot; more sludge will be removed. You can also save the price of a quart of oil if you drain and refill the crankcase when it is down a quart.

Ask the man at the service station what kind of oil you need and, being human, he'll often try to sell you

the most expensive he's got in stock.

Let's see whether you can do with a less expensive variety. First, keep in mind the difference between oil type and grade. Engine design and operating conditions determine the *type* of oil you should use. Oil labeled MS or DG has more detergents than types labeled MM or ML. It is also designed to meet a greater variety of driving conditions. Car-fleet managers suggest you stick to MS for all newer-model cars. If you've got an older car used for moderate driving, you can use a less expensive type.

Oil *grade* is usually expressed as a number, such as SAE 10, 20, or 30, and its use is determined by the weather. The higher the number, the heavier the body (viscosity) of the oil. Some higher-priced oils are labeled SAE 10W-30. These multiviscosity oils combine the easy-starting features of thinner oils, made for winter use, with the warm-weather operating characteristics of heavier oils.

You save money if you stick to single viscosity oils unless you go for prolonged periods between oil changes or you drive in places where the mercury takes quick swings between hot and cold.

Most auto manuals tell you to lubricate the chassis every 1,000 miles. Unless you drive over dusty roads or in other adverse conditions, you can wait 2,000 miles between grease jobs, say many fleet managers. (Ford claims its 1961 models can go

30,000 miles before the chassis needs greasing.)

Improper inflation can cut thousands of miles off the life of a tire. Overinflation causes excessive wear in the center of the tread. Underinflation wears out the outer edges. Check the pressure every week while the tires are cold. Car makers generally recommend 24 pounds of pressure. That's too low, say fleet managers. Sure, 24 pounds gives a nice, soft ride. But it cuts both your tire and gas mileage. Maintain pressures two to four pounds above what's specified in the owner's manual.

Out-of-line wheels also cut down tire life. While your car is up on the grease rack, look for signs of excessive wear on the inside or outside of the treads. Your wheels may be out of balance when you feel the steering wheel shimmy at speeds over 40 or you notice cuplike depressions on the tread. Generally, only the front wheels should need balancing.

Owner's manuals urge you to rotate your tires, including the spare, every 5,000 miles. But many fleet managers say *not* to rotate. Here's why. Say a tire will give you 20,000 miles of wear. If you rotate, using the spare, you will go 25,000 miles on the speedometer before each of the five tires travels 20,000 miles. At that point you would buy four new tires and use the best of the five old ones as the new spare. Then you would rotate only the four new ones.

See what happens if you don't rotate. At 20,000 miles the four orig-

inal tires would be ready for replacement. You would then buy three new tires, put the unused spare into service, and stick the best used tire in the trunk. If you sold your car after it was driven 20,000 but less than 25,000 miles, you'd be out the cost of three tires. But if you sold between 25,000 and 40,000 miles, as is more common, you would save the price of one new tire.

A minor motor tune-up means cleaning or replacing spark plugs and distributor points, checking and adjusting timing, and adjusting carburetor idle and mixture. It typically costs from \$7.50 to \$20, depending on the size and complexity of the engine. That's for labor only. Parts are extra if needed.

Tune-ups keep your car running at its best. They can uncover potential motor troubles and boost gas mileage. But does that justify tune-ups every 5,000 miles?

No, say fleet managers. Have it done when your car is hard to start, stalls frequently, burns too much gas, or has some other specific complaint. If your car runs OK, it does not need a tune-up.

Even when your engine does act up, it's better to tell the mechanic exactly what's wrong rather than order a tune-up. Maybe only one or two of the services involved in a tune-up are all that's needed. Why pay for the whole package?

Keep track of how much average wear you can expect out of key parts. Spark plugs should last 12,000-

20,000 miles with at least one cleaning. Points will wear as long. Condenser and coil should last the life of the car. Cap and rotor of the distributor will last indefinitely if kept clean. Carburetors can profit from minor attention every 20,000 miles, principally cleaning, but should outlive the car. Modern carburetors are so complicated that only the most skillful mechanics are qualified to deal with them.

The same arguments against tune-ups at automatic intervals hold for most other package deals, only more so. A "spring checkup," for instance, can involve draining the antifreeze, flushing the cooling system, adding rust inhibitor, a tune-up, oil change and grease job, and a check of various other parts of the car. The total cost is usually less than if you had each job done separately.

Now, you *will* probably need the cooling system attended to. And at one time or other you may need each of the other services in the package. But the odds are slim you will need all of them at the same time, especially if you are following a proper maintenance schedule. So if you buy the spring checkup package, you pay for many services that you really don't need.

The warranty you get with a new car usually provides that if a major part made by the auto company proves defective under normal use, the dealer will replace it free. Until 1961, as far as the general public knew, the warranty was good only

for 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever came first. For 1961 cars, most companies offer a 12-month or 12,000-mile warranty. But the auto company gives the warranty to a dealer, not you. The dealer is reimbursed for the cost of labor and defective parts.

For several years now, most auto makers have been protecting their dealers for 12 months against defects in major parts of new cars. But car manufacturers didn't broadcast this fact, nor did dealers generally volunteer much information either. The 90-day, 4,000-mile deal with the public was supposed to bar cranks. Many dealers nevertheless did repair defective parts up to a year at no cost to the owner. But others collected twice, once from the car owner and again from the auto company.

So if you own a 1960 auto with fewer than 12,000 miles on it and a major part goes bad, insist that your dealer make good on it. He's not legally bound to. But he is probably protected by the company, and he may figure that it is worth his while to keep your business.

What if a key part goes wrong beyond the 12-month warranty period? You may still be able to salvage something. Auto companies rarely balk at making at least partially good on a major failure in an engine, transmission, or steering gear that occurs within a reasonable time, sometimes much more than a year.

Fleet managers urge that all major repairs be handled by an authorized

dealer. You can probably get a given job done for less at a garage or service station. But until you find a mechanic you can trust, it will probably cost less in the long run to stick with a dealer's service shop. Fleet

managers do approve, though, of having an oil change and grease job performed in a reliable service station. It is likely to be a bit cheaper and you will avoid the long wait so common at dealer shops.

IS FROG SHOVELING FOR YOU?

What red-blooded tycoon wants to admit that he got his start doing something commonplace? How much better to chuckle modestly and confide, "My first job? Why, I was a frog shoveler!"

If you doubt his word you need only consult the U. S. Labor department *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*. You'll find *frog shoveler* there all right, defined as "one who shovels dirt and bark from the log-chute frogs, the junction point of two branches of a chute used in the logging industry." The book has been revised to add 19,000 new jobs to the 25,000 previously listed. Most of the new classifications have been born of this age of electronics, space, and automation.

How would you like to be a heavy forger, glass breaker, bone crusher, head chiseler, oyster boxer, sausage roper, kicking-machine operator, firebug, or pouncer? Or perhaps you would prefer to be a diamond sewer, mop comber, mousetrap winder, nose tester, or dimpler?

A heavy forger is not, as you might suppose, one who specializes in writing massive dud checks. He operates a heavy forging press. A glass breaker does not spend his working hours in gleefully shattering his neighbors' windows. He skillfully breaks glass off into window-pane sizes. Bone crushers and head chisellers, as you might suspect, work in the meat-packing industry. A kicking-machine operator softens hides with mechanical hammers, and oyster boxers put oysters into boxes. A sausage roper doesn't lasso sausages but measures them off and knots them at the required length. Pouncers are not bushwhackers waiting in ambush but experts who hold hats over special forms for buffing with sandpaper. Firebugs would never dream of setting fires; they test mines for fire and gas perils. Dimplers smooth rivets on airplanes, and mousetrap winders wind tension springs for automatic switches. Mop combers do just that.

You won't find a stone roller mentioned in the DOT, but there are moss gatherers. They collect Irish moss, used in puddings, jellies, and beer. Jelly pumpers pump jelly into doughnuts and cakes.

If electronics and automation are eliminating jobs, they are also creating more new ones. All will have to be named, and some will no doubt sound as fanciful, funny, or obfuscating as those in DOT today.

Jack Anderson.

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I Built a Chapel

*Tall priests must genuflect sideways
at Our Lady of the Desert*

By Frank Scully
Condensed from "View"*

I WAS A DISINTEGRATING 38-year-old *homo sapiens* in 1930, down to one leg, one lung, and scarcely more than one idea. If anybody had approached me on the French Riviera, where I was convalescing from a 25th operation, and told me that I would marry, become father of five children, and by 1951 be building a private chapel on the fringe of the Mojave desert, I probably would have used what I assumed was my last breath to laugh in his face.

Recovered from the operation, and lured out to Southern California with one of those seven-year motion-picture contracts that last six months, I built a home on the top of a Hollywood hill in 1936. My wife and I

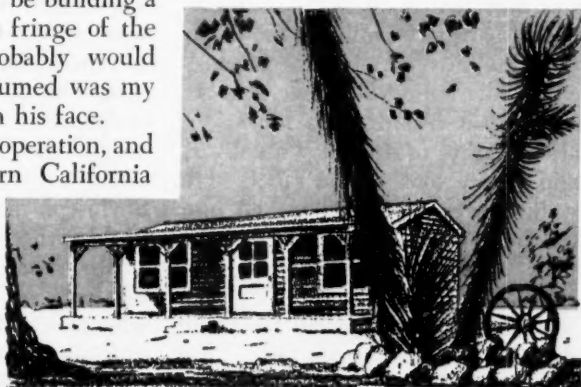
planned to spend the rest of our lives there. It was a dream home. We could walk an upper deck, look to the Pacific, and thus save ourselves the cost of a sea voyage. We could look north to the mountains and be glad we didn't have to climb them.

We could even look down into a parochial schoolyard a mile away and see if our kids were playing hooky. And we could really see in those days. From April to November the skies were clear, and the winter rains were not too devastating.

Then came the war. Heavy industry moved from the Middle West into Los Angeles. Soon the land of sunshine was a sprawling slum of smog, fog, grog, and hog-eat-hog.

Our Hollywood hill became Mount Sinus. We began retreating to the desert for short stretches to rid ourselves of cranial agonies.

Then in 1950 I had a freakish best seller which I scooped out of the fly-



*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N.Y. March, 1961. © 1961, and reprinted with permission.

ing-saucer craze. With the royalties we went hunting for a retreat beyond the smog belt. About 100 miles east of Los Angeles on the road to Las Vegas we saw a ten-acre ranch for sale at Desert Springs. Altitude, 4,000 feet. Population, 191. The ranch had eight buildings, electricity, fruit trees, shade trees, and, most important of all, water.

Up in the mountains beyond Desert Springs was a town called Wrightwood. It had a parish (12 families) called Our Lady of the Snows. The pastor was Father Martin Dempsey, an Irish scholar who had been chief chaplain of the British forces which had reached London from Dunkirk.

He had come to California hoping to join the faculty of the University of San Diego. Although it is now the most magnificent collection of college buildings in the West, at that time not one stone had been laid upon another. So Father Dempsey was prevailed upon to take a snow-bound parish 200 miles to the north until the university became a fact.

We met Father Dempsey, and became great friends with him. We asked Father to drive down with us and take a look at the ranch. He walked over the place, looked into the huge barn, chicken coops, pigpens, and corrals, asked the price, and said, "Buy it!"

Then he turned away from the desert and looked south toward the mountains. "And we will build a chapel here," he said, pointing to a

run-down ranch house, the only eyecore on the place. "We will open it next spring, May 4, at 9:15 A.M. I'll find you some builders and will send down whatever you need for the altar."

The next spring he was there for the opening, right on time. Thereafter, he would make the 22-mile round trip between his Wrightwood 8 o'clock and 10:30 Masses. His successor, Father Patrick Henry Linneman, also would arrive in a cloud of dust, hurrying to say our 9:15 Mass and get back to his mountain parish by 10:30.

At the time Father Dempsey ordered our chapel, Desert Springs had no house of worship of any denomination. Of the 191 population, three were Catholics. But the Scully Circus jumped the figure to ten, and we were told there were several weekend visitors within five miles who would like a place to go to Mass.

Did you ever build a chapel? I suspect that even many priests would answer No. Some come into parishes and spend their lives ridding churches of debts their predecessors bravely contracted. Some would not know how to whitewash a basement. Some couldn't drive a nail in a cloakroom. St. Joseph must shake his head and smile at these.

But thousands of other priests, Brothers, and nuns, especially those who have been assigned to foreign missions, know the joy of building with their own hands. I used to envy them. I envy them no more. After

nine years of keeping a chapel in repair to comply with the caprices of Air-Foam Christianity, I am tired.

But in the winter and spring of 1951 the whole Scully Circus was happy working in one of God's tiniest vineyards. Everybody down to Moreen Scully (aged 21 months at the time) became holy hewers of wood and drawers of holy waters.

From his mountain retreat Father Dempsey sent down boxes of linens, Mass cards, Stations of the Cross, candelabra, and other aids to a better life. Many of the objects had survived the London blitz. Some were gifts to him from Cardinal Vaughan.

He also sent down a huge embroidered drape, which was at least 200 years old. It was to go behind the altar. It had to be lined first so that it could withstand the rigors of desert life. The gold-plated objects had to be polished. The linen and vestments had to be washed and ironed. My lady Alice, working to become the first saint of Desert Springs, did it all.

A week before our first Mass, however, the cement porch of the chapel building had not been laid and much of the painting was still undone. The exterior was painted red with white trim, but inside, the walls, which were to be a creamy yellow, and the floor, which was to be light gray, were still not done. We had converted a shower into a confessional. We installed a sliding door of the garage-door type so that everybody could see the altar from pews on the

cement porch as well as from those inside.

I took all the sit-down jobs. These included staining a dozen kitchen chairs a driftwood gray and then attaching to their rear legs rubber-padded kneelers. We finished, exhausted, at 11 o'clock on Saturday night. Later that night we had to get up and find accommodations for "helpers" from Hollywood, pilgrims who had lost their way and had spent hours cruising over the Mojave desert.

We had decided to invite everybody in the community to Mass and to breakfast. We served 92 breakfasts within 20 minutes after Mass.

The chapel was decorated with fresh flowers, and on either side of the tabernacle was a beautifully designed bouquet of artificial flowers. Now, I can take or leave artificial flowers (and I usually leave them) but these were works of art. They were donated by Rose de Hauleville, a Belgian artist, and followed an old Flemish design. They are still there. We renew sections of them every year, but the main design remains. Rose (who is a sister-in-law of Aldous Huxley) also gave us an altar cloth which she had designed. It bore modernized images of the 12 Apostles. Finally, she executed in glass a design by the Belgian Dominican Father Maas. It was a window showing the Holy Family seeking shade under a cactus plant.

Although the chapel itself had seating accommodations for 14, we

had more than 60 for our opening Mass, some on the porch and others standing in the sun. All, however, could see the altar.

The non-Catholic husband of a visiting lady gave us invaluable help. A carpenter, he offered to build the altar railing. He asked Father Dempsey where he should put it. Father, not a very tall man, went to the altar, genuflected, and said, "Just back of my foot!"

It is a pretty piece of work, stained, like the chairs, a driftwood gray. But we always have to tell tall priests who come to say Mass to genuflect sideways, or they will get banged.

Before the opening Mass we were trying to figure out how to have everything ready, including breakfast. Father Dempsey knew a couple he was sure would help. He brought them down from Wrightwood the day before. They were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Drury. They came with a skillet and spatula each and took over the kitchen so efficiently that our worries were ended for all subsequent opening Masses and breakfasts.

Our Lady of the Desert is in the San Diego diocese, which must be about the largest in the U.S. It's as large as all Ireland. Bishop Charles F. Buddy of San Diego graciously gave permission for the Blessed Sacrament to remain with us as long as we were on the ranch.

That opening Mass, though early in May, was greeted with a most heavenly day. It was warm; not a

leaf stirred; multicolored desert flowers lay like a 50-mile carpet from the steps of our Lady's chapel to the foothills. Two hundred miles beyond, Mt. Whitney stood clear in the snow.

It was the 3rd Sunday after Easter. The Epistle was St. Peter's: "I exhort you as strangers and as pilgrims." We were all pilgrims and strangers at Desert Springs that sunny spring morning.

Magnificent churches have often had such humble beginnings, Father Dempsey explained. No church, when you got down to the essentials, has more than the Blessed Sacrament, a sanctuary light, the Stations of the Cross, the crucifix, an altar, and a tabernacle; Our Lady of the Desert had all these.

Of course, we had a few problems. We learned that a sign on the main road would result in a \$2 tax, so we moved it far enough back to get out of the way of the state's tax collectors. (This may have been a small contribution to the separation of church and state, but at least it was a contribution.)

Once, after we had been working on a boy for some weeks, we finally got him to want to go to Confession, only to discover that the priest who was saying Mass that morning was from a neighboring diocese and that his faculties did not extend to ours.

The county line was a mile away. "Listen, Father," I said, "would you mind driving him over to your side of the county line? It's important

that this boy go to Confession today." The priest thought it was a good idea.

On another occasion a Sister of Social Service came thundering down the mountainside driving a truck. She was delivering a priest as a substitute for Father Dempsey, whose health had gradually been breaking down.

After she had introduced the priest she turned back and said, "Oh, I forgot to tell you—Father can't speak a word of English!" He was a visitor from Germany, and had been in the country only ten days. The universality of the Church was clearly illustrated in this instance. Until he said the prayers after Mass, nobody in the chapel suspected that he wasn't an American.

Father Dempsey died in 1953, but we always think of Our Lady of the Desert as his chapel. In fact, it was he who told us it was not a "private chapel" but a "public oratory." Only the family could be considered as having attended Mass in a private chapel, whereas a public oratory would fulfill the obligation for anyone, even a passing stranger, who attended Mass. After that we put out signs: "Visitors Welcome."

Since 1951 hundreds of tired travelers have been refreshed at Our Lady of the Desert. Last summer 23 Masses were celebrated by visiting priests within three weeks. On two occasions we had four Masses in one day. Sometimes whole families have come off the highway to visit, say a

family Rosary, and then drive on.

Have we found any thorns on this desert rose? Yes, a few. One woman suggested that the reason more people did not attend Mass was that the kneelers were terrible. Since I had made them and had never once heard our Lord whisper, "My, my, can't you do better than that?" I was inclined to file the critic among the carpers. The kneelers were padded with rubber for knees which had long since given up scrubbing floors, but it is possible they were too close to the rear of the chair to which they were attached. The worshipers were forced to kneel straight up instead of slouching on their haunches, and perhaps the erect posture was tiring.

We visited churches in town, measuring pews and kneelers, and found that some were better and some were worse than ours. Then one day we fell heir to some old pews and kneelers. The kneelers had to be restuffed and re-covered, and some of the pews had to be sawed in half because they were too long for our little public oratory.

Does having the Blessed Sacrament where you live bring a greater sense of intimacy or familiarity? Well, that can be best judged by how the children react. One night after we had said our prayers in the chapel, Moreen, then about two, waved back at the altar and said, "Good night, Goddie."

Another time she said, "Good night, God, take good care of Yourself."

Her mother replied, "He's all right, but we aren't."

"If He's all right," she demanded with pint-sized indignation, "then why is He wearing a cross?"

Thus far, only one miracle has been reported as remotely connected with Our Lady of the Desert. The

miracle is that I had anything to do with it.

We all hope, though, that our little chapel will produce some St. Pauls in time and thereby gain the revered status of a shrine. After all, our desert road looks a lot like the road to Damascus.

NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

More than half of the 20,000 English words most commonly used come from Latin or Greek roots. The root is that part of a word containing the core of meaning.

One root may combine with another. Or a root may be qualified by a prefix or suffix; sometimes by both. A prefix is a syllable placed before a root to modify its meaning; a suffix is placed after.

Stare in Latin means to stand. Note how the words below in Column A come from this root word, qualified by prefixes and suffixes. Can you match them with their meanings found in Column B?

Column A

1. *unstable*
2. *stanza*
3. *distant*
4. *stationary*
5. *substance*
6. *constant*
7. *stamen*
8. *estate*
9. *staid*
10. *stabilize*
11. *stature*
12. *stance*

Column B

- a) To make steadfast or firm; to stand ready.
- b) Unchanging in condition; standing at rest.
- c) Separated; "standing apart."
- d) A division of a poem standing by itself.
- e) Sober; "standing firm"; sedate.
- f) The way a person or animal stands.
- g) Natural height in standing position; development.
- h) Essence or "standing" of a thing; gist; material object.
- i) A person's property, standing, possessions; condition or state of life.
- j) Not standing fixed; fluctuating.
- k) Pollen-bearing part of a flower; "standing stem."
- l) Uniform; "standing together"; regular.

(Answers on page 35)

Sunset for the Popcorn Man

*The youngsters he was
so kind to represented
children he never had
himself*

By Gareth Hiebert
*Condensed from the
St. Paul "Dispatch"**



LEO the Popcorn Man died last week. And a little warmth is gone from St. Paul, Minn., whose children of four generations Leo Paraskevas showered with popcorn, candy bars, homespun remedies for ailments, and a gentle compassion.

There is an emptiness alongside the curbing at the Brown & Bigelow Co., where each noon his truck was parked. There is a void, too, at the River Blvd. lookout near the Ford plant, where Leo was as familiar a sight as the cascading waters roaring over the dam below. His spot is empty, too, at the Como park zoo.

Thousands of St. Paul fathers and

mothers, children, and tourists will miss him. So will the tribe of raccoons he brought up each summer on the other side of the fence at the Ford plant. Any visitor who has taken a Twin Cities sight-seeing bus will remember him. The tour buses used to exchange passengers on either side of his big orange wagon with its whistling welcome and inviting aroma of buttered popcorn.

Leo and I had a little ritual. Whenever I passed his wagon on my rides through the city, I always stopped to say "Hello." The next day he'd prevail upon one of his good friends of the park police to drop a sack of corn and candy at our house.

In our long chats at his wagon,

*55 E. 4th St., St. Paul 1, Minn. In the "Oliver Towne" column, Feb. 14, 1961. © 1961 by Northwest Publications, and reprinted with permission.

he explained to me his methods of forecasting weather by observing the tint and texture of the sky at sunset. Just about sundown each day, when he was parked by the Ford plant, Leo would uncover a tiny shrine in his truck. Then he'd bow his head in prayer. He would climb out of the wagon and feed his raccoons and observe the horizon.

There was a picture of a little girl framed next to Leo's shrine. Until the day of his death, I never knew the story about Leo and the girl.

She called to tell me the story. She is Kathy Schreiber, 13, of Minneapolis. Twenty-seven years ago, Kathy's father, Bill Schreiber, met Leo. Bill used to help sell popcorn and candy in the truck on busy days or when Leo was sick. Kathy grew up in that high-topped truck.

For Leo she became the image of all the children he loved. To Kathy he was Santa Claus and grandpa and favorite uncle all wrapped into a big smile under a visored cap.

During those hours they spent in the truck, Leo would tell her about his boyhood near Athens, Greece, and his early years in St. Paul when he rolled his three-wheel popcorn cart down the streets.

When his wife died several years ago, Leo chose to live alone. But he was lonesome. About four months ago, Kathy began going once a week to clean house for him.

Sometimes Leo drove the truck to Kathy's house and visited with her parents. He'd always slip a few dol-

lars into an envelope for Kathy's school lunches and bus fare.

It is ironic that some of the young people whom he championed helped to bring about his death. They don't know that. He told Kathy's mother. Leo was selling popcorn near his home when some mischievous high-school boys began to rock his truck back and forth. Leo got scared. That aggravated a heart condition. The next day he stayed home. It was his 65th birthday.

"I am going to the hospital tomorrow," he told Kathy when she called that night. "Don't come to see me. I be home in couple days."

Thursday morning Leo phoned Mrs. Schreiber. His suitcase was packed. "My heart pounding—I think I die," he said.

He went in by himself. And just about sunset Leo the Popcorn Man crossed the horizon, the beauty of which he had memorized in all those twilight hours he had spent on the bluffs of the Mississippi.

He didn't forget Kathy. Friday morning she got a letter from Leo which he had mailed at the hospital.

"Dear Kathy," said the shaky scrawl. "For your school lunches and something else you like to buy for yourself." Out fell four \$1 bills.

Kathy didn't keep the promise she had made not to go to see him. She went to his funeral.

"I guess," said Kathy's mother, "she represented all the children in the world to him—and the ones he never had himself."

The 'Great Bear' Sails Again

*Hermann Goering's luxury yacht
now serves St. Elizabeth's
mission in Portland, Ore.*

ONE SUNNY DAY in June, 1958, a beautiful yacht arrived at the moorage of the Portland Yacht club in Portland, Ore. The *Groote Beer*, five weeks out of Honolulu, had weathered several Pacific storms on the journey that was to start a new chapter in her strange career.

At Portland, the *Groote Beer* was turned over to her new owners: St. Elizabeth's mission, the smallest parish in the Portland archdiocese. The pastor, Father Alfred A. Williams, blessed the yacht. As he did so, he must have reflected on the odd tangle of circumstances that had brought her into his parish.

The original owner of the *Groote Beer* was Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering, chief of Hitler's *Luftwaffe*. Early in the winter of 1943, Goering, then at the height of glory, ordered a Dutch shipyard to build a luxury yacht for him. It was to be made of the choicest woods and fashioned by the best available craftsmen. The keel was laid, and fat Hermann began sending valuable loot from all over conquered Europe to the site of the work.



The Dutch shipbuilders, however, resolved that this product of their skill would not become the possession of a hated enemy. They deliberately slowed their work. Goering visited the shipyard at least 20 times up to the spring of 1945. Finally, wrathful at the baffling delays, he threatened to shoot the foreman and his entire family if the yacht was not completed in a hurry.

Perhaps the Reichsmarshal, his vaunted *Luftwaffe* having by that time been shot out of the skies over Germany, was thinking of attempting an escape aboard his new craft. The stolid Dutch did not quail before his threats. They continued their patriotic gold bricking until that fateful spring of 1945 when the oppressor was at last captured by the Allies in the cataclysmic fall of the 3rd Reich.

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. May, 1961. © 1961, and reprinted with permission.

Goering was sentenced to hang by the Allied War Crimes commission. He escaped the gallows by committing suicide.

The *Groote Beer* was completed by the Dutch government after the war, in 1948, under the direction of one of Holland's best naval architects, H. W. van Voogt. Its name means "Great Bear"; the craft was named after the constellation of that name, which we usually call the Big Dipper. It was sold to an import agent from The Hague shortly after its completion. He used the yacht one summer in the waters around Amsterdam. When he was transferred to South Africa, the boat was placed in storage.

A little later, Charles M. Donnelly of Greenwich, Conn., President of FEAD Ship, Inc. (First Export Association of Dutch Shipbuilders), discovered that the yacht had been built by his own company. He decided to buy it back. Because of the war, he had known nothing of its construction, and now nobody seemed to know where it was. He searched for it for two years.

One day in 1953, while Donnelly was in Holland on business, one of the co-owners of his firm told him, "I think I've got something you're interested in." The *Groote Beer* was stored in one of Donnelly's own shipyards!

The new owner shipped the resurrected craft to the U.S. as deck cargo aboard the *S. S. Westerdam*. Since that time the *Groote Beer* has been

in ports from Greenwich, Conn., to the Gulf, throughout the West Indies, and to Hawaii. She was in the great hurricanes of 1953 and 1954 without suffering damage.

Robert F. Johnson of Portland, Ore., president of the construction company which bears his name, purchased the yacht in 1955 at Miami, Fla. Later he entered it in the 1957 Long Beach-Honolulu yacht race.

In the fall of 1957, Mr. Johnson signed over a partial interest in the *Groote Beer* to St. Elizabeth's Mission to the Sick in Portland, with the proviso that the mission would eventually receive full ownership.

St. Elizabeth's mission, though the smallest parish in the archdiocese, has within its boundaries five public hospitals (with a bed capacity of 1,267), three university-level schools, several clinics, and hundreds of medical and dental students, nursing students, technicians, aides, and other medical personnel. The parish was started in an attempt to provide for the spiritual welfare of Catholic patients. Under Archbishop Edward D. Howard, and with the unorthodox financing techniques of Father Williams, a parish plant was finally completed.

Father Williams decided that the yacht could best be used for youth work, at least until the parish received full title to it. He founded a group called Youth Afloat, a nondenominational organization. Youth Afloat raises funds to keep the yacht in tip-top condition. Most of the work is

done by medical students who have volunteered their time to receive valuable training in seamanship and navigation.

In the same month in which the *Groote Beer* arrived in Portland, it was loaned to the Sea Explorers of Portland, a branch of the Boy Scouts. They have sailed the yacht to the Sea fair in Seattle and have taken part in two Rose festivals locally. Hundreds of man hours of training have been provided for various troops or "ships." Several of the Sea Explorer executives received training in leadership while in temporary command.

The yacht was returned to Youth Afloat control in November, 1959, and given into the care of a group of medical students. Last summer they took the *Groote Beer* into the Pacific during their vacation to do research in oceanography. In addition to such scientific work, the craft is used to take church and charitable groups out for short cruises on the Willamette river.

The yacht is built from the basic design of the *botterjacht*, a type of fishing vessel in use for over two and a half centuries in the North Sea. Her resemblance to the *botterjacht* is especially noticeable in the extra high freeboard forward, the bluff bow, the long leeboards.

The mast is 68 feet high, with a base diameter of 15 inches. Auxiliary power is furnished by a General Electric engine of 82 horsepower. The boat is 55 feet long, 18 feet in

beam. A bowsprit and rudder give it an overall length of 68 feet. She has a draft of four feet with leeboards raised, 7½ with the boards down. The 15-foot leeboards serve as stabilizers in heavy or choppy seas.

The oak frames of the vessel are six by eight inches. They are spaced ten inches from center to center. Heavy oak planks three inches thick are bolted to frames. A solid oak capstan, worked by handspikes, is used to raise the anchor. Mounted on the large rudder is a hand-carved oaken bear.

The lavish interior consists of a main salon, two bedrooms, crews' quarters, a galley, and two bathrooms. The interior of the main cabin is a storehouse of carvings by the master craftsman Anton Fortuin. Leading into the cabin are banisters in the form of dolphins, carved from teakwood: they are gracefully arched, as if plunging into the sea. The forward and rear walls are of fluted teak.

On the starboard side is what was to have been Goering's desk, made of small squares of inset wood. Above the desk is a hand-carved mural depicting the entire history of Dutch sailing vessels, from the 16th-century galleons to modern fishing vessels.

A feature of the main cabin is a fireplace made of light brown Italian marble. The chimney panel is inlaid with blue glazed delft picture tiles. All hardware aboard ship is in the form of cast bronze fish and mermaids.

Under power the *Groote Beer* will make six knots and slightly more than that under sail with a good wind filling out her mainsail and genoa. Her weight is 38 tons.

Today it would cost about \$250,000 to build a replica of the *Groote Beer* in an American shipyard. Outwardly she differs considerably from the average American yacht. Like a good Dutch burgher, she is broader through the middle, more substantial looking, less streamlined. Instead of shining with white paint and polished mahogany, her varnished and

oaken body gleams with the deep golden brown of wild honey. She was built not for speed but for leisurely living.

Father Williams isn't sure what the future of the *Groote Beer* will be. Perhaps, when the parish receives full title to it, the yacht will be sold to further the mission's main work of ministering to the afflicted. On the other hand, Father can't help wishing that it would never be necessary to part with it. "I have grown to love its every plank and spar," he says.

In Our Parish

In our parish convent chapel, the altar boys had been squabbling for a long time about who was to ring the bell during Mass. Then one day one of the Sisters discovered the following note: "If it is my turn to ring the bell and I am here, okay, I'll ring it. If it is your turn to ring the bell and you are here, okay, you'll ring it. But if it is your turn and you are not here, then I ring it and you just lose out. And if it is my turn and I am not here, you ring it and I lose out."

"Then when the one who was not here when he was supposed to be here comes back, he just has to wait his turn again. Signed by the both of us."

Sister Mary Marcella.

In our parish in the midst of an exciting grade-school basketball game, one of our players stole the ball from the rival team and then passed it right into the arms of an opponent. In the sudden silence that descended on our side, our pastor was overheard to sigh, "There's a good Catholic for you. He steals the ball, and right away he has to make restitution."

Mrs. S. Carlisi.

In our parish at the beginning of Lent, Sister instructed her 3rd graders that they should give up some pleasures for Lent. My little cousin Tommy wrote down the following promise, "Dear God, I'm fasting on candy and *The Three Stooges*."

R.C.M.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]



Father Pire Meets Dr. Schweitzer

*A common love for humanity
transcends some fundamental
differences*

By Erica Anderson

Condensed from the "American Weekly"*

TELL ME, Dr. Schweitzer, what is Father Pire like? I know only that he was given the Nobel Peace prize, and that he founded the Anne Frank village."

As we drove through the clear September night, Dr. Schweitzer told me about the man who was visiting him. Father Pire and Dr. Schweitzer had been corresponding for some time, and it had long been their wish that they should some day meet personally. Then in the fall of 1959, Father Dominique Georges Pire had come to Gunsbach, Alsace, where Dr. Albert Schweitzer was spending a few hard-earned weeks.

*575 Lexington Ave., New York City 22, Dec. 25, 1960. © 1960 by Hearst Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

"Father Pire is a man of compassionate concern for those who suffer," Schweitzer said. "When, during and after the war in Europe, millions of refugees needed help, it was he who, as an individual, tried to provide shelter, food, and work for the uprooted."

"How old a man is he, *Docteur*?"

"Young, Erica," Dr. Schweitzer replied. "In the middle of his life. I hope he will have many years to give to his brothers in the world. Yes, he is in the middle of the stream—I am at the end."

I dropped Dr. Schweitzer at his home. He pointed to a window in the house of a neighbor. "That is where Father Pire is spending the night. Be here at 5:30 so that he has ample time to get to church at six."

"Good night," I called out.

"Hush," Schweitzer whispered, "Father Pire suffers from insomnia. Let's not wake him up."

At 5:30 promptly the next morning, I drew up the car and waited. A few minutes later a young-looking monk in the white robe of a Dominican opened the door.

"I am Erica Anderson," I said. "Dr. Schweitzer asked me to drive you, Father, to the church in Münster. Everything is arranged."

"Erica Anderson," Father Pire said, coming towards me and shaking my hand, "I know you, but you don't know it."

"You say you know me, *mon Père*?" I asked in amazement.

Erica Anderson is the author of a best seller, "The World of Albert Schweitzer." She is a motion-picture producer by profession, and has made documentaries of the lives of Dr. Schweitzer, Grandma Moses, Carl Jung, and Henry Moore. She was born in Austria, but now is an American citizen.

"Yes, when your film on Dr. Schweitzer's life was shown in Brussels at the world exhibition, I introduced it. I liked its simplicity. I am very glad to meet you." His words immediately put me at ease.

"I have an American car, too," he went on as he climbed into mine. "There is much traveling in my life. It would be impossible to do it all by train. I like American cars, but mine does not have such fancy windows." He pushed a lever and his window slid down.

"Oh, that's electrical!" he exclaimed like a little boy who has found a new toy. "What do you think, that's too much air now, no?"

"Do you think so?" I asked.

"No, I don't think so," Father Pire smiled, "but I need an excuse to push the lever again to close the window."

I laughed. "You don't need any excuses—push it to your heart's content. I will let you know when the battery begins to run down."

"Wonderful," he said and worked the window up and down.

We turned into the small village

of Münster. After Mass we drove back to Gunsbach.

Dr. Schweitzer was standing in the open doorway, and when Father Pire got out of the car they embraced.

"Welcome, *mon Père*," he said, and led the way to the small white dining room where he introduced Mme. Martin, his collaborator of old; Mlle. Mathilde, the nurse from Lambarene who had worked with Dr. Schweitzer for more than 35 years; Verena, a younger nurse who had come to help in Gunsbach; and Sister Sophie, who looked after the smoothly running household while the doctor was in Europe.

Father Pire sat down opposite Dr. Schweitzer. Everybody partook of the crusty black bread, the homemade marmalade, and the good coffee, imported from Lambarene.

Dr. Schweitzer talked about Africa, the priest about his work in Belgium. When breakfast was over, Dr. Schweitzer said, "I suggest we go for a walk up the mountain. I'll show you where I used to do my homework as a schoolboy."

We walked up to the vineyards and through them, higher, through an orchard filled with plum trees.

"Help yourself," Dr. Schweitzer said. "You may live 100 years and never eat such plums again. It's a good year for them."

Father Pire and I picked the plums, warmed by the late summer sunshine. Father bent forward so as not to let the golden juice soil his white robe. We saw the rocks where

Dr. Schweitzer used to hide his pencils and pens when had finished his schoolwork.

"This is a lovely spot; let's settle for a moment." He pointed toward a slight mound. "From here you can overlook the whole Münster valley."

Peasants began to pass by, carrying barrels filled with plums. Some were climbing into the steep vineyards; others were descending towards the village. Each time they passed they called out "*Bon jour, Monsieur Albert*." Each time Dr. Schweitzer asked them a question about their fields, or about the oncoming grape harvest.

"One can see that you have not lost touch with the people of your home village, *Docteur*," Pire said.

"I have two homes," Schweitzer said, "Lambarene and Alsace. When I was 50 I thought I would retire here and become a village parson like my father, but they still need me at the hospital in Africa. My work there has grown, certainly not diminished."

"I hope my life will be blessed that way. I hope I will be needed more and more," Father Pire said.

"Strength grows, the more one has to fulfill."

"I don't know a young man of 40," I said, "who does half as much as Dr. Schweitzer."

"Maybe you don't know many men of 40," he retorted. "You must not believe everything Erica says about me," he said turning towards Father Pire. "She is prejudiced."

"He always thinks I make compliments when I simply tell the truth."

"I see," Father Pire said. "Devotion is a good thing, Erica. I know what you feel about the *Docteur* and I am with you."

We walked back through the late summer landscape, picking more plums. Dr. Schweitzer pointed out his father's home, places where he used to play, houses where friends of his had lived, and other spots where childhood memories lived on.

After lunch I took Father Pire, Verena, Sister Sophie, and another young nurse who had come to visit for a drive through the Vosges mountains. We had beautiful warm sunshine. I put the top of the car down so that we really could see the lovely landscape spread out before us. Father Pire sat next to the window. He was still playing with the electric gadget.

"I would so like to hear more about your work. Would you mind telling us?" I asked him.

"Not at all," he answered. "I would have all of you know more about it."

We parked the car under fir trees and walked towards a clearing, where we settled down.

"I grew up in a sheltered home where love between parents and children was abundant," he began. "My father was a schoolteacher. When he was 22 he married the 18-year-old girl he had fallen in love with. A year later I was born. My mother has often told me that she played with me as with a doll. Fa-

ther is quite pedantic, and wants everything done in impeccable fashion; my mother is the opposite. On the eve of their wedding day they were supposed to take a train on their honeymoon, but they missed the train. Father was terribly upset, but mother laughed until tears came to her eyes. He called it a 'catastrophe' and made her hide with him in a tiny hotel room near the station. In the middle of the night they carried their suitcases to another station so that nobody could see and laugh at them, and took the train from there.

"We were seven children, and all of us still feel very close to each other.

"In August, 1914, German troops put fire to the town of Dinant. My father had packed us into a boat two days before this happened and moved us to Rennes in the Bretagne.

"Dinant was completely destroyed when we came back. I was nine years old then and discovered a tricycle in the rubble of a house next to ours. I forgot all the sorrow. I felt like a king, possessing a tricycle. Today I am ashamed that at that time I was so unaware of what terrible things were going on. When Anne Frank at the same age began to write her diary, she was concerned about people around her. But I was a dreaming child and nothing else.

"There was nothing extraordinary about me, except that very early in life I wanted to become a priest. My parents did not object, and after the

usual preparation I finally was ordained, in July, 1936.

"When the 2nd World War broke out, I went with the Red Cross towards France, but everybody was suspicious of spies garbed as priests. I got arrested as a German spy. That meant the death sentence. But at last they believed me, and I was freed. Finally I returned to Sarte. The cloister was occupied by the Germans, but they allowed me to proceed with my work.

"I had to look after my brothers in the cloister. To feed the padres was difficult. Most of them had returned half starved. For four years I was forced to provide food, mostly illegally. I also looked after children, more than 1,000. Only those who have lived through the black market and the hunting up of food know what those years were like. I worked with the underground. I was determined to help the weak, the innocent, the sick.

"In 1946 I was appointed parish priest of Sarte. I went about my duties but I longed for more active work. And then, seven years later, in 1953, I met a young American who had been administrator of a refugee camp in Kufstein, in the Austrian Tyrol. He talked to me about 4,000 people he had had to look after. His little daughter, four years old, had died and was buried in Salzburg. Mr. Squadrille, the young American, gave up his job. He was in despair about the inadequate help given to the camp in-

habitants. He had seen that only those who were still capable of work had a chance to emigrate, but the hard core, the cripples and others who could not do useful work, were forgotten. Their situation was hopeless.

"His tales shook me, but his words were the seed which eventually began to ripen in my heart. I told myself that there must be a solution!

"But before I could plan any action I had to see for myself. I visited 24 refugee camps. The displaced persons came from the Baltic countries, Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and the Ukraine. They knew only one goal, to go west. Some 750,000 people were waiting to migrate. Those who were still healthy had a chance. The invalids, the incurables, the families with many children but no father—those had none. The 'hard-core' situation remains what it was in 1947. Yes, the statistics show that in 1958 there were still 160,000 who had to be saved! Forty thousand still live in camps. When I visited those camps I talked to the people in them. Even today their voices whisper into my ears at night.

"For seven years now I have done what I can to help. And there are people who have heard my call to participate in the work. First, almost shyly, there were voices: 'What can I do?' And I told them; I gave names and addresses of those waiting in camps, and those on the other side of the fence began to reach them.

The mass horror was resolved into individual cases again.

"Mrs. X in Belgium wrote to Mr. Y in an Austrian camp. His children became known to Mrs. X. She wrote down their names; she talked to them in letters. They still missed their mother who had died, but another soul had taken notice of their fate, someone who cared.

"So my organization was like a plant which grew. The foster parents were a source of comfort and protection, and that was the first step. Then I began to work on founding the European villages: the first one, at Aachen, in May, 1956; the second one in Bregenz, September, 1956; number three, Augsburg, Bayern, May, 1957; number four, Berchem, Sainte Agathe, near Brussels, March, 1958; number five in Spiesen, September, 1958; and number six, the Anne Frank village in Wuppertal, in May, 1959. This one I was able to build with the help of the Germans. All who participated were united in the memory of Anne Frank, the little Jewish girl who died in a concentration camp when only 14 years old."

"How were you able to get the necessary funds for these villages, and what do they consist of?" I asked.

"In each of my European villages live about 150 people—never more than that—about 20 families. A bigger community would run the danger of making them feel that they lived in a ghetto. I want them

to circulate, to get work in nearby cities, to have the children go to schools with other children. Usually there are two families to a house. It is a simple house but enough to give them back their human dignity: a bedroom for the parents, a room for the children, a kitchen, a living room, a bathroom. They always live near a city, so that the head of the family can get work there. We help them to secure such work. The old and the weak and the sick are visited by doctors. Slowly they find their way back into society, and recognize that there are people who wish them well.

"Now to your second question, the money. I live rather like the lilies of the field. I do everything necessary to let people know of my plans, but I work on a crusade, not on a collection. The deed of giving is the important thing. Something has to happen in the heart of the giver, otherwise the biggest check does not amount to much. I travel, I lecture, I talk to people who want to hear, I publish our little paper called the *Hard Core*; and so word gets around, even as far as Norway, to the Nobel committee. You know what it meant to me to receive the prize money and turn it over to my work!

"But now we must go. The good *Docteur* may be free to give me another hour."

We drove back to the Schweitzer house in silence. Later we said *au revoir*, but not good-bye.

'Those Who Help Themselves'

"Will pay expenses," the telegram said; but would the taxi driver believe that?

By Ollie Stewart



IT WAS REALLY inviting disaster—I could have gone to jail, or worse—but when I remember the outcome of that long-ago incident, I know it was worth the risk. It proved to me that if I wanted to do something badly enough, I could do it.

This thing that happened to me was important because it gave me the certain knowledge that both the Almighty and people in everyday life will help those who make an effort. If you want something so much you can taste it, chances are it will wind up on your plate.

In 1933, like many others of my generation, I wanted a job. A telegram said I had a chance to get one, if I could get to it. Only trouble was, the job was 500 miles away—and I had no money.

The telegram said: "Come to Tuskegee immediately to write story on Founder's day. Will pay expenses. Possibility permanent job if good story. G. Lake Imes."

G. Lake Imes was special assistant to R. R. Moton, president of the Tuskegee institute in Alabama. I had written months before to the famous school founded by Booker T. Washington to ask for work. I had heard nothing in reply. And now here was this totally unexpected wire, like manna from heaven.

Before it arrived, I'd been sitting on the porch of my home in the Louisiana bayou country, shelling black-eyed peas for supper for my mother and me, and wondering if the water in Martin's bayou was low enough for mud cats to be biting. Then the man brought the wire, and I got so excited I dropped the pan of peas.

The noise brought my mother to the door. She looked at me in mild amazement and asked, "Whatever happened to you?"

Sheepishly I scooped up the peas. "It looks," I told her, "as though I might get a job at last!"

As I handed her the telegram, I was remembering how at graduation from college three years before I had the idea of turning the world upside down. The Big Depression had messed that up. I'd thought I was tough, but New York, Cleveland, and cities in between had been tougher. I finally had come back to my mother to keep eating.

"You'll need a good bit of money to get to Tuskegee," my mother was saying. She handed the telegram back. "If I had known, I wouldn't have gone to the dentist two days ago."

"I know you wouldn't have," I told her, "but this is up to me. You didn't buy a new coat last year because you preferred to bail me out of Detroit. This time—"

"Tuskegee institute," my mother interrupted, "is a good 500 miles from here. The cheapest you can go by train costs almost \$20. How much do you have?"

"Well," I said, "not quite \$2—but I'll think of something."

I left the house with a jaunty air, but I didn't feel the least bit jaunty. Our town, like thousands of others, had been hard hit. The bank was closed, and cash on hand was something people dreamed about but seldom saw. You sold eggs and chickens for flour and lard, and swapped garden produce for sugar and something extra on Sunday. Whatever else you ate, you got with a fishhook—or with a tin pail when berries were ripe.

I was just entering the town's one street when the idea hit me. The alternative to buying a ticket was right there in my pocket. *The telegram!* "Will pay expenses." It said so in plain English.

The railroad wouldn't take me *cod*, but maybe somebody else would; somebody like the garage-man who ran the local taxi business. Taxi drivers never collected fares until the end of the trip. Fine. So I'd take a taxi!

I hustled around to the garage. The man who could save me crawled from beneath a battered car and wiped his hands on some greasy waste. "Got a mind to go some place?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, and decided to shoot the works. "I have to be in Tuskegee, Ala., as soon as possible. Can you go that far?"

He grinned. "I can go anywhere they got roads. But it would be lots cheaper to go by bus or train."

I hauled out the telegram. "The fact is," I said, "I won't be the one to pay you. The school over there is taking care of my expenses." I showed him the wire. "They want me there to do a job, and maybe they'll keep me for good."

His manner changed. "Too risky," he said. "I couldn't go that far without seeing some cash."

My heart sank. In desperation I said, "Read the telegram again. They say they'll pay my expenses, so they'll have to. I could sue them."

"Yes," he said dryly, "and I could

sue you. But what would I get?"

I could see he was weakening, though, because he kept looking at the telegram. And finally he gave in. "All right," he said, "I'll take a chance. It costs \$20 by train, but I'll have to charge for the round trip, since I got to come back. Then I got to make a little something for myself. How about \$50 for the whole thing?"

"Let's go," I said.

We left in the cool of the evening: down the big highway and across the muddy Mississippi to Vicksburg. I was more wide-awake than the driver, worrying about what I had let myself in for. It was possible that I'd stretched my expenses to the limit, just to get to Tuskegee. And if anything went wrong with the payment, I was due for trouble.

My mother hadn't said much when I told her about hiring the taxi, but I knew that as soon as she kissed me good-by, she had hurried to her room to talk things over with the Lord.

The trip almost ended in disaster at the halfway mark. During the night we crossed a part of Mississippi and entered Alabama. Early in the morning, we stopped in a small town to gas up and grab a bite to eat. The cab was parked in front of the cafe when the town marshal barged in on us, gun in hand.

"Who belongs to that Louisiana hack?" he demanded.

"I do," said my driver.

"Got papers to prove it?"

"I certainly have." The driver pulled out his wallet and produced his owner's card, a driving license, and a permit to haul passengers.

"So the hack belongs to you," the lawman said. "And you got a license. But only in Louisiana. This is Alabama. What you doing here?"

"Just passing through," my driver said. "I'm hauling a fare to Tuskegee."

The policeman transferred his attention to me, and didn't seem to like what he saw. "You mean to sit there and tell me that you're rich enough to ride a cab across three states? Tell me a lie and I'll lock you up till Christmas!"

I opened my mouth to tell him about the job, but my driver whispered, "Don't argue, for heaven's sake! Just show him the telegram."

I shot a hand into my pocket and came up with the precious wire. The lawman took it and read it. Then he shoved his cap to the back of his head and erupted. "Now I've seen and heard everything," he exclaimed. "Holy smoke! Better'n 500 miles in a taxi!"

While he was still trying to work it out, we slid off our stools, and got out of that town in a hurry.

Early in the afternoon we entered the well-kept grounds of Tuskegee, and I found myself wishing we had a few more miles to go. I was scared. My taxi man had taken me on faith so far, but in a few minutes he was going to want to see the color of somebody's money. I shuddered to

think of what might happen if there was any delay. "Keep praying, mom," I thought to myself.

Dr. G. Lake Imes was seated in his office behind a big polished desk. He gave me a firm handshake and a friendly smile. "Welcome to Tuskegee," he said.

The smile helped a lot. "I have to have \$50," I said without preamble. I hadn't meant to blurt it out like that; but once I'd made a start, the words tumbled forth. "I need it to pay the taxi man who brought me here from Louisiana. When I got your wire yesterday, I didn't have any money, but I had to get here because I needed the job. So I went to the man who runs a taxi at home and showed him your promise to pay my expenses, and he brought me here at that price. He's waiting outside now for his money."

The room was completely silent for several seconds. Then Dr. Imes came up out of his chair like a rocket. His eyes didn't tell me a thing as he came around the desk, practically yanked me out of my chair and, without a word, propelled me by the arm to the door of the president's office. "Oh, oh," I thought. He's really aiming to show me what is meant by Daniel in the lion's den. Wonder if they'll send me to jail!

One light tap and we went through the door. President Moton, successor to Booker T. Washington, was leaning back in his chair. He sat up when I was introduced, and simply stared at me as Dr. Imes said

in a tight voice, "Young man, I want you to tell the president the story you just told me. Take a seat by the desk, and tell it all."

Well, I figured, since I'm already in the soup, I can't make things any worse. Might as well spin a good yarn, and leave them something to remember me by. So I took it from the beginning. I told them about dropping the peas when the telegram came. I made them know how much it meant to me even to get a chance at a job, after getting nothing for three whole years; and how in desperation I'd gambled on a 500-mile ride in a taxi, because it was collect on delivery.

"You mean," said President Moton, "that you didn't give the taxi man any money at all? You actually talked him into spending *his* money for gas and oil, plus driving you all the way here from Louisiana?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I guess that's about the size of it."

President Moton stared at me a moment as though in awe, and the next moment he began to laugh. He threw back his head and fairly roared. Dr. Imes joined in as though he'd been itching to do something of the sort. Me, I just sat there. I'd never felt less like laughing.

Finally, President Moton wiped tears from his eyes and said in a husky voice, "Young man, could you leave us alone for a few minutes?"

I got up and went out and closed the door behind me. I took the same seat I'd occupied before, but this

time the uncertainty was almost unbearable. I didn't mind being laughed at, but *were they going to pay the money?* If they didn't, that driver was going to take it out of the only thing I had—my hide.

After what seemed like an eternity, Dr. Imes emerged from the inner office. At first I looked at him without really seeing him. And then I realized that he was smiling, and in his hand was a check.

He waved the check for the ink to dry. "It's made out to you," he said, "but the amount isn't \$50. It's \$75. Fifty for your taxi man, and \$25 for you as pocket money. Come with me to the cashier's office, and I'll have them give you the money right away. Then you can go out and pay your man off."

"Thank you," I said. I was too shaken to say more.

"Don't thank me," Dr. Imes replied. "You did it all yourself. President Moton told me to tell you that he has never been happier to spend this amount of money. He said your

story alone was worth it, and I agree. But what will probably interest you more is the fact that he is putting you on our publicity staff."

This time I didn't thank him. I couldn't. All I could see of his face was a kind of blur, and I was afraid to blink because he might see what was happening to my eyes.

And then he was speaking again, softly and kindly. "President Moton," he said, "also told me to say that you are the kind of young man Booker T. Washington would have liked to have working for the school. You're persuasive, and you take chances; you get where you're supposed to get on time. You should have an interesting career."

He was right about the interesting part. I've had a good look at the world, enjoying most of what I've seen and the friendships I've made. But I'll never forget the turning point in my life. Since I took that cab taxi ride, I've been convinced that the first person you should count on when you need help is *you*.

IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

• The 1st installment of a three-part serial begins in the July issue. It is a condensation of a whole book, *The Ladies of Soissons*, by Sidney Cunliffe-Owen, who says that their story "is a long, indeed eternal, sometimes temporarily interrupted, talk with God."

• A great surgeon pits his skill against cancer and makes an ultimate decision. "Dr. Matthews" (the man is real, the name is not) takes you step by step through his motions in the operating room in *The Man with a Life in His Hands*, condensed from *Life* magazine.

Four Nuns in the Old West

Their neighbors didn't really begin to know them until the night of the shocking freight-train accident

By Ethel W. Johnston

THEY CAME OUT WEST when Colorado was next door to frontier country: four gentle ladies in the brown Franciscan habit, who had a gift for comforting the suffering and a knack of making people laugh. While the mountains were yielding fortunes in gold and silver, Sisters Huberta, Notburga, Sylveria, and Kunigunda staked out a much different claim.

Except for Dr. B. T. Anderson, head surgeon of the Midland railroad, the Sisters knew no one in Colorado Springs. The doctor had asked their motherhouse for several Poor Sisters of St. Francis Seraph to take charge of a hospital for railroad employees. They left Lafayette, Ind.,

around Sept. 1, 1887, on their westward trek.

Theirs would be no part-time job. So many men were being injured that the Sisters would find they had to rise at midnight to get the hospital laundry and cleaning done before the day's nursing duties began.

The Midland hospital was temporarily located in a small adobe house, with no operating room and with doorways too narrow for a stretcher. The building was already filled with 50 patients, all Midland employees, for the hospital was restricted to company personnel. During their first two weeks in Colorado the Sisters saw many sick persons turned away.



They knew that work was soon to start on a permanent Midland hospital, which would cost \$12,000. The donated land was valuable, conveniently near the new tracks on which Midland trains traveled west to Colorado City and Manitou Springs. The new building would be completely modern and, when crowded, restricted again to railroad personnel.

To the Sisters, freedom to serve without restrictions was far more important than financial security. They wanted to build a hospital of their own, high on a hill to the east of town, which would have doors wide enough for everyone. Their announced decision: the Midland hospital would be most unsuitable; it was too near the railroad tracks.

On Sept. 11, 1888, the *Colorado Springs Gazette* reported that the hill had definitely been chosen as the location for the "Sisters' hospital." And on Sept. 13 disaster struck the community.

A Midland freight was carrying nearly 300 laborers high up into the Rockies to lay track. As it crossed a newly laid section on marshy ground 20 miles beyond Leadville, the train tipped over, dumping what the newspaper called its "human freight" down the embankment.

Its metal freight, two carloads of heavy rails, was dumped on top. Three men were killed and 60 injured. The 17 most gravely hurt were brought into Colorado Springs at dawn.

After performing the necessary

surgery (including a double amputation) without any operating room, Dr. Anderson left his patients with the Sisters and hurried off to the injured still at Leadville. There were no further deaths, and additional amputations were unnecessary because of good nursing care. This was no surprise to Dr. Anderson. He had been a combat surgeon in the Civil War, and had seen Sisters of St. Francis Seraph on the battlefields.

The four nuns, having cut themselves off from railroad support, were on their own. Until the disaster most residents of the region had never even heard of them. They needed money and friends. So they hitched up their borrowed wagon and began to make get-acquainted tours.

Sisters Huberta and Notburga concentrated on the 7,000 people living in Colorado Springs. Even in 1887 the 16-year-old "jewel of the plains" was beautiful and prosperous. It had shops, schools, a deluxe resort hotel, and even a college with ivy beginning to climb its walls. The cultural climate was Back Bay Boston with a flavoring of British upper crust.

The little Church of St. Anne was not one of the fashionable churches, but cosmopolitan Colorado Springs had little anti-Catholic prejudice—and few Catholics.

The town had been carefully planned by Gen. William J. Palmer to finance his "baby railroad," the Denver and Rio Grande. Real estate

in Colorado Springs was kept stable and valuable. No mining dumps marred the beauty of its scenery; no smelters befouled its air. Its income came largely from tourists, especially those with weak lungs and healthy bank accounts.

Sisters Huberta and Notburga found plenty of health seekers in Colorado Springs, but they patronized spas, not hospitals. In 1887 ordinary people were born, suffered, and died at home. Hospitals, like jails, were unfortunate necessities. They were useful as first-aid stations and as places of refuge for sick vagrants.

One elderly Colorado Springs woman remembers when St. Francis hospital first opened. She was then a little girl living on a nearby ranch. Sometimes her grown-up brother would ride alone into town. On one trip he broke his leg trying to stop a runaway horse.

Her mother took the news quite calmly until she learned that her son had been taken to a hospital. How would he bear such an ordeal, she wailed, shut up in that grim place with all those "rough, sick tramps"? Worst of all, it was the new "Sisters' hospital." What was to prevent their taking advantage of her poor boy's condition to lead him astray into "popery"? More than likely, he would never be the same again.

And he never was, his sister recalls, though his leg healed straight and strong and his Protestant faith remained unblemished. He hadn't

mind his hospital ordeal, and as for the Sisters—"Sharp as tacks," he would chuckle, "and always joshing. Seems like they kept a fellow laughing all the time." Thereafter he called on the Sisters whenever he went into town. He did his best to dispel the notion that a Catholic hospital was a kind of concentration camp where nuns undermined the religious beliefs of helpless charges.

The Sisters knocked on every door, and they always had time to sit down for a chat and a bite to eat. Sometimes it was hot coffee and soda biscuits at a kitchen table; sometimes, tea drunk from bone-china cups in ornate drawing rooms.

The wife of an Italian grocer introduced them to Italian cooking with instant success. Jewish housewives taught them that kosher food was also very tasty. Other women who were little girls back in the 80's remember that the Sisters were always making people laugh. They'll tell you: "Mother used to say she hoped they'd get around again soon. They were jolly Sisters—lots of fun."

The people who looked forward to their visits began to save a little money for them. Soon Protestants and Jews as well as Catholics were calling them "our Sisters."

Sisters Sylveria and Kunigunda, the younger, stronger nuns, canvassed the countryside, making friends with the lonely wives of ranchers. When their road ran through dry creek beds the Sisters, lacking brakes, would climb down

from their wagon and hold it back on the down grade, then switch to coaxing the horse up onto the opposite bank.

Westward the road was fairly level all the way to the "Saratoga of the Rockies," Manitou Springs, with its rich tourist trade. And it went right through Colorado City, which was called Old Town.

Colorado City was a workingman's town, and most of its 1500 citizens were busy making an honest living from its thriving little industries and the new railroad roundhouse. A few, however, were making a most dishonest living. Old Town had the saloons, gambling dens, and dance halls now so essential to television. But because of its rich, virtuous neighbors, Colorado City was less flamboyant than other wide-open towns. Shady characters had learned that in Old Town business was just as good, and much safer, without advertising.

Sisters Sylveria and Kunigunda agreed with the old adage of the prospectors: they believed that friends, like gold, were where you found them, not necessarily where they ought to be.

Early in December, three months after the Sisters first arrived, their friends held a benefit fair in the new Colorado Springs city hall, just over the jail. The *Gazette* reported that more than 500 people "crowded the hall to suffocation," making it impossible to collect the 75¢ admission fee. Because of the great enthusiasm

the fair was reopened on Monday. The Sisters received nearly \$2,000, the only large donation for the new hospital on record. In the spring, St. Francis hospital opened its doors.

Throughout the state railroads continued breakneck expansion. The Midland pushed its cumbersome standard-gauge rails up Ute pass, skirting mountains and blasting tunnels in a desperate race to the silver fields of Aspen—a race it lost to the narrow-gauge Denver & Rio Grande. The newspapers carried daily accounts of railroad progress and engineering marvels, and, almost as often, detailed descriptions of dreadful railroad accidents.

The Sisters took in the casualties from all the railroads. Priority was based solely on need. For medical care, bed, and board, the Sisters charged \$5. Only those who could afford it were asked to pay. Within a year St. Francis was overcrowded, and its first addition was built.

Today, Old Town is gone, and Colorado City is simply the west side of Colorado Springs. The Midland railroad no longer exists; Ute pass trestles are unused, tunnels ever empty and dark.

On the Sisters' hill, St. Francis hospital, expanded into many red-brick additions, now houses 200 beds. The Sisters haven't lost their knack of making friends in all faiths. Into the jet age they have carried the gentleness, laughter, and love of the nuns who roamed the Colorado countryside in a borrowed wagon.

The Mackle Brothers Build Cities



Frank E., Jr.

Robert F.

Elliott J.

In their Florida communities, retirement becomes "renewment"

By Ben Funk

IN THE early-morning hours of last Sept. 10, Hurricane Donna struck the Florida Keys with 180-mile-an-hour fury. It crumbled concrete homes and business buildings, tore house trailers into splinters, and hurled big boats out of the sea. Then the most destructive tropical storm in the history of the western world raged on into Florida to hit the retirement city of Port Charlotte.

In their Miami headquarters, Frank, Elliott, and Robert Mackle, three brothers who are building Port Charlotte and seven other communi-

ties in South Florida, exchanged anxious glances as news of the storm's movement poured in.

While the dying winds still moaned, the Mackles hopped into a company plane and took off for Port Charlotte. On the way, they looked down on scenes of great destruction. But when the pastel colors of Port Charlotte brightened the horizon, they saw with relief that the city was practically unscathed.

Hours of sledge-hammer pounding by Donna had left only one case of important damage. A do-it-yourself carport which a resident had attached to his home had blown away. Otherwise, a survey disclosed only six minor cases of roof damage among 3,000 homes.

"Well done!" the brothers were

told in a resolution passed by members of Port Charlotte's American Legion post. The fact that the community had ridden out the storm safely, they said, was "a tribute to the expert engineering and excellent construction of Mackle houses."

Since the last World War, the Mackles have acquired huge tracts of choice land, developed them into complete cities, and sold them at a rate unmatched in modern real-estate history. In doing so, they have made it possible for many thousands of pensioners and low-income families to start new lives in a warm, beautiful Florida once reserved for the rich.

Florida has expressed its appreciation to the Mackles for helping erase the stigma of the Florida boom that collapsed in the 20's. A resolution by the 1959 legislature gave the brothers much of the credit for the state's post-war growth.

General Development Corp., headed by Frank as president, and with Robert as vice president and Elliott as secretary, is the nation's first builder of complete cities.

The Mackle Co., of which Elliott is president, Frank vice president, and Robert secretary-treasurer, does the community planning and building for General Development. It has three complete pre-planned cities and five other developments under construction on South Florida coasts.

The brothers, shirt-sleeve workers who have no desire for the luxuries their wealth could buy, are a perfect combination. Elliott, the oldest at 52,

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has the sharpest eye for a good piece of real estate. Robert, 49, is an expert on financing. Frank, 44, is a master salesman.

"I never saw three brothers get along so beautifully," said an associate. "I've got two brothers, and we fight all the time. But those guys never have a serious argument. When a disagreement arises, they go into their office, close the door, and talk it over. If they can't reach a decision, they bring in their mother, and she calls the signals."

The Mackles credit their success to hard work; knowing when and where to buy land; efficient building operations ("when we put up a house you can stick the leftover materials in your hip pocket"); and the fact that many people up north would like to live in Florida.

They also credit the example of their father, Frank, Sr., who taught them the building business from the ground up, and the guidance of their mother. They are very close to their widowed mother, who almost bursts with pride when she talks of her sons. "Wouldn't their father have been proud of them?" she asks.

"Old Frank was a wonderful builder and a fabulous salesman," says a friend of the family. "He taught his boys to work hard and, off duty, he showed them that the greatest joys in life could be found right at home with their families."

Around the Mackle headquarters in Miami, nerve center of an organization with offices in almost every

major city east of the Mississippi, you find complete informality. When there is work to be done, the brothers are all business, but they enjoy banter with the staff.

Elliott and Frank attend St. Patrick's church in Miami Beach, while Robert goes to the Church of the Little Flower in Coral Gables. After Mass on Sunday, each brother spends the day with his family. They may play golf, go to a baseball game, or just spend lazy afternoons together at home. Occasionally all three families will get together for a barbecue or go to Lake Placid in Central Florida, site of their Elkcam stable.

The wives are all active in various civic and parochial endeavors. Mrs. Elliott Mackle is a member of St. Francis hospital women's auxiliary, and Mrs. Frank belongs to the Catholic Charities organization. Mrs. Robert helped promote a recent charity ball for the benefit of Miami's Mercy hospital.

Fifty-two years ago, British-born Frank Mackle, Sr., started a building business at Jacksonville, Fla. He put up some houses, but he specialized in heavy construction.

Mackle's sons cut their teeth on hammers and saws. During high-school vacations they worked on construction sites. Even then, they put in more hours than the regular crews. He and the boys were inseparable companions.

During college years Robert and Elliott, who went to Washington and Lee university, worked at part-time

jobs. Once, Robert took a job selling \$500 life-insurance policies and collecting dime premiums. Everything went all right until the four-month-old baby of a policyholder died and Robert sent in her claim for \$500. In reply, the company called his attention to the fine print: a baby had to be three years old before the family could collect the face value of a policy. The woman was entitled to just \$5. In disgust, Robert paid the \$500 out of his own savings and quit.

Frank, Jr., went to Vanderbilt and spent all his spare time in engineering camps.

After college, father and sons formed a successful team in business. At the outset of the 2nd World War, the firm landed a contract to build the \$18 million Key West navy base. Soon after the work started, the elder Mackle died. His death dissolved the partnership and, in effect, canceled the contract. But Lt. Cmdr. Albert J. Fay told the brothers, "I'm going to stake my career on you boys. Go ahead with the job."

Robert and Frank each served a hitch in the navy (each advanced to lieutenant rank) while Elliott carried on with defense building. When the war ended, the brothers turned to home construction, launching projects in Miami wherever they could find suitable land. Their homes sold quickly. One 102-house project was snapped up in two hours.

Fast-growing Miami, trapped in a narrow coastal strip between the Atlantic ocean and the Everglades,

was bursting its seams. The city had to expand westward into swampland, and the Mackles showed the way.

Going farther west than anyone had dared to go before, they bought a tract of submarginal land. To bring it up to a high, dry level, they simply dug two big lakes and used the crushed rock that was recovered to spread over the land. They thus converted a marshy area into valuable property and, at the same time, created facilities for water sports. They built 3,500 homes in the subdivision, called Westwood Lakes.

The Mackles next went to Key Biscayne, a beautiful island across Biscayne bay from Miami which had been a coconut plantation. In the palm-tree jungle they started a 1,000-home development. Here the brothers could be seen every day right in the middle of the job.

Once, a woman customer proved troublesome. Daily she nagged the crew and demanded changes in plans. Finally the foreman appealed to Elliott.

After listening to the woman's complaints, Elliott went to the site, where the walls were already up. He called for a bulldozer.

"Knock that house down!" he commanded.

When the walls had been leveled, Elliott turned to the woman, who stood speechless from surprise.

"Madam," he said, "we will start all over. Now just exactly how do you want this house built?"

Around this time the Mackles

chanced to hear a retired visitor from Pittsburgh complain that Florida "is geared to the rich. All my life I figured on moving down here when I quit work, but I can't find a suitable house I can afford."

"That fellow is right," Frank told his brothers. "Why can't we do something to make it possible for the low-income folks, especially the retired, to come down here and enjoy this weather along with the millionaires?"

The brothers ran a blind ad in a national magazine, addressing a list of questions to people who were retired or about to retire. They got 28,000 replies. They learned that 75% wished to spend their declining years in Florida; few had any qualms about breaking old ties and hitting the road for the subtropics; the average retirement income was \$180 a month.

The Mackles bought huge spreads of land on both South Florida coasts. Their first purchase was 800 acres two miles north of Pompano Beach on the Atlantic coast. They built winding streets, laid out a big recreation park with shuffleboard courts and a town meeting hall, and put in a shopping center. The response was so great that in two years Pompano Beach Highlands was completed and sold, three years ahead of schedule.

In this first development, the Mackles found that the average retired man isn't just a tired, worn-out fellow who wants to be put off by himself to die. He often is a ram-bunctious character with a desire to

do some new things in his years of freedom from a time clock.

"At Pompano Beach Highlands, the residents formed a volunteer fire department," Robert recalls. "Casting about for a fire engine, they found one for sale in a town up near the Canadian border. When volunteers were called to make the trip and ride the engine 1,800 miles to Florida, 269 men came forward.

"Finally they had to draw lots. Six men made the trip and rode the truck down, hanging to the sides."

Today, seven other preplanned communities bear the Mackle label: Port Charlotte, Port St. Lucie, Port St. John, Port Malabar, Sebastian Highlands, Vero Beach Highlands, and Vero Shores.

Port Charlotte, on 92,500 acres of high-pine land bordering tarpon fishing grounds, is the most ambitious building venture Florida has seen. Three years ago it was undeveloped land. Now it is a complete city, the largest in Charlotte county.

The Mackles predict that Port Charlotte, with an area bigger than Chicago, will in time be Florida's 4th largest city, behind Miami, Tampa, and Jacksonville.

Around the Mackle headquarters, people shudder at the word *retirement* and its implication of lower income, idleness, and monotony. They call it "renewment." The renewal doesn't just happen. The brothers make it happen with recreational, educational, and cultural programs. Besides giving the people

of their communities homes, fishing piers, and beaches, they attempt to satisfy their cultural, spiritual, and community needs.

At Port Charlotte, accredited high-school and college teachers are hired to lead classes in science, arts and crafts, gardening, sailing, and many other subjects. When "Port Charlotte U" was started, 390 residents signed up immediately.

The Mackles helped form a civic association to enable citizens to sound off in old-style town meetings. They gave land for places of worship, and four churches have been built.

The first church at Port Charlotte was St. Charles Borromeo, erected on land donated by General Development Corp. The parish was organized in the spring of 1959 under the direction of Bishop Coleman F. Carroll of Miami, and the church was built by the Mackles in just 25 days. A parochial school and convent have been added; the school was opened last fall. Twenty-six per cent of the residents of Port Charlotte are Catholic.

A 100-bed, \$1.5 million hospital, St. Joseph's, is being built at Port Charlotte. The institution will be administered and staffed by Sisters of St. Joseph of Pittsburgh. It will treat patients of all faiths within a radius of 25 miles of the community. The hospital is financed by the Miami diocese and by public subscription.

Since they went into large-scale community development, the Mack-

les have sold 25,000 homes and 100,000 homesites. They estimate that by 1965, if the national economy remains firm, they could be building 25,000 homes a year.

Land must pass a rigid series of tests before the Mackles consider buying it. It must have frontage on a main highway, be near established communities, have good natural drainage and good water, and front on water (either ocean, river, bay, or lake).

If it passes these specifications and is priced right, the next step is a personal inspection by the brothers. They walk, drive, and fly over every acre. When the land is purchased, aerial photographs of the entire tract are turned over to the architectural and drafting departments. The pieces are patched together to form billboard-sized pictures in which every acre can be subjected to minute inspection. Chief Architect James E. Vensel and his staff decide the best locations for parks, homes, shopping centers, utility plants, industrial areas, churches, schools, and playgrounds.

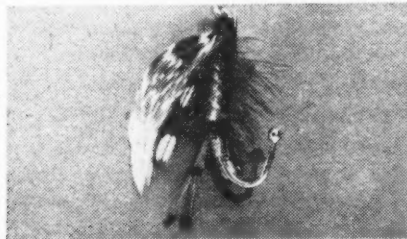
A complete artist's conception then is delivered to the Mackles. Engineers, construction superintendents, advertising and publicity men, water and sewage engineers, and salesmen now have their say. In the final discussion, the Mackle brothers accept some suggestions, reject others, and set the final pattern.

Then another Florida city starts going up.

the Catholic Digest

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by *Cathy Connolly*



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Cathy's Corner . . .

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What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: My question: as I understand it, all the great minds of the day accept the theory of evolution. Does your Church accept it? And if so, how does she explain it? Thank you.

Laurie Fromm.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

May I begin my answer, Laurie, with a personal note? Way back when the roar of the 20's was growing in volume, I had the privilege of studying biology from one of those rare professors who can make their subject live in the interest and imagination of their students. We called him Father Hauber, though he owned the title of Doctor, and later became Monsignor. Since then the good Lord has taken him, leaving his high repute with fellow scientists, strong evidence of

his priestly sanctity, and affectionate admiration with all who knew him.

We studied at Davenport, Iowa, and nearby at Linwood was a limestone quarry. Father Hauber used to take us there, explaining beforehand that the stone in this quarry had been deposited by slow sedimentation during some 60 million years of the Devonian period—one of the many stages of development of the earth's surface.

There were living things on

earth during the Devonian period; and when they died their bodies often became embedded in the rock which was forming at the same time. In our quarry it was easy to find fossils by the hundreds; most of them I fail to remember, but there were strange creatures called brachiopods, and basketfuls of trilobites. There should have been fish fossils there, too, but I am not sure that we found any. We were told that land plants made their appearance in this same era.

Back in the classroom Father Hauber explained that if we should visit some of the lead mines at Dubuque we might find an earlier stratum of rock, with fossils of simpler forms of life. And still farther north there would be another. I have just looked up the names of these earlier periods, and find that they were called Ordovician and Cambrian. Each of them lasted some 80 million years. In the rocks of those ages we might still find trilobites, but certainly no fish—probably mostly algae and sea shells. But even these were not the earliest forms of life on earth, merely the oldest ones which have left many fossils for us. It seems that the rocks of pre-Cambrian ages were so fused by heat and pressure that they crushed all life forms caught in them.

Now if we were to go south from Davenport, into the coal mines of Iowa and Illinois, we might find remains of amphibians, reptiles, and some primitive land animals; but

there would be no mammals or birds. These didn't appear on earth for another 50 million years after our coal was deposited in its seams. However, if we were lucky, in searching the surface gravel of our Midwest we might find bones of a mastodon or a camel, or of other ancient mammals—the last inhabitants of the earth before the appearance of man.

Our study of the history of life in the rocks of the earth was only one small phase of our biology course. We dissected earthworms, frogs, and other simple creatures, and when these studies were augmented by slides and pictures we were much impressed with the basic similarities of organic and skeletal structures in all animals, great and small. We learned that living things could be readily classified into branching systems, according to phylum, class, order, family, genus, and species—giving new meaning to the structural similarities we had observed.

We studied embryonic development, and saw how simple, microscopic organisms go through stages of growth reminiscent of the life forms found in our successive strata of the earth. And one pompous phrase has always stuck in my mind: embryology recapitulates phylogeny. The idea is that if you watch a tiny group of egg cells grow into a baby animal you will see along the way stages which remind you vividly of ancient forms of life or of simpler creatures still with us. An egg in the process of becoming a bird looks first

like a protozoan, then like a fish, and finally resembles a reptile.

We also learned in a general way about the distribution of various types of living things in different parts of the world. Almost a century earlier Charles Darwin had made a trip around the world on the *Beagle*, and his studies of plants and animals in many countries—their similarities and differences—had stimulated his thinking toward *The Origin of Species*.

Since our days in college I have seen remarkable genetic changes take place in the cornfields of Iowa. And I have read of even more notable mutations in plant and animal life as a result of radiation.

When the evidence from all these different sources is put together, the theory of biological evolution seems both sound and intriguing. It may not explain all the data observed, but it is by far the best working hypothesis available—and most scientists simply accept it as fact.

WE USUALLY think of biology when the word evolution is mentioned. But the same general principle of creative growth seems to apply to our entire universe.

The first theoretical stage of cosmic evolution might be called physicochemical. Some of it may have taken place before the stars began. Maybe it started with an enormous cloud of subatomic particles; maybe with a ponderous mass of concentrated atomic material. It is a challenge to

speculation that we have been able to change matter to energy, showing that they are made of the same basic stuff; and have discovered that all atoms from hydrogen to uranium are made of the same building blocks: protons, electrons, neutrons, and the like.

Our scientists have used these subatomic forces and materials to create new elements beyond uranium. So it is not hard to imagine that the old ones might have grown from simplicity to complexity by some similar fantastic processes.

Next, or maybe at the same time, came the development of our stellar universe, and here our evidences of expansion and change are abundant. Our spectroscopes show us that nebulae are going away from our galaxy at tremendous speeds, proportionate to their distance from us. And we are able to study stars in various stages of growth and decline: e.g., supergiants, those enormous spendthrifts of the sky, which use up their hydrogen supply at such fantastic rate that a short 100 million years will do them in, and they will be reduced to mere giants or dwarfs.

Since I started my answer on a personal note, Laurie, I might mention that I was a student at the University of Louvain in 1927, when one of the priest-professors there, Canon Lemaitre, gained the attention of the world by his theory of an exploding universe. I never really understood what he was talking about, but I mention it as added evidence that a

Catholic education need not impart a prejudice against evolution, in any of its phases.

Next comes geological evolution. Did some star pass near the sun 3,000 million years ago and pull off a blistering blob of magma, which went into elliptical orbit and gradually cooled off—in a few hundred million years—so that a solid crust could start forming on it? It seems possible.

The most baffling problem to the evolutionist is that of the origin of life. The geologist can give no help; his records have been destroyed. If they were intact they might take us back 1,000 million years. Recently our laboratories have given us some hopeful evidence; if we can't dig up the story of life's origins, maybe we can duplicate them.

Organic compounds have been synthesized from inorganic ones, the basic component of protoplasm—known as DNA—has been put together, and rudimentary forms of synthetic life have been made to demonstrate vital processes. There is still a long—and maybe impossible—way to go before the giant molecules of a cell can be assembled in a test tube, and before manufactured life will be able to reproduce itself.

In this area there is no basic conflict with Catholic thought. Our ancient and medieval ancestors—the Fathers and Doctors of the Church—rather took for granted that living things sprang up right before their eyes: from the sea or from decaying organic matter. Later, science ridi-

THE LATE POPE ON EVOLUTION

The teaching authority of the Church does not forbid that, in conformity with the present state of human sciences and sacred theology, research and discussions by men experienced in both fields be pursued in regard to the doctrine of evolution, insofar as it inquires into the origin of the human body as coming from pre-existent living matter—for the Catholic faith obliges us to hold that souls are immediately created by God. However, this must be done in such a way that the reasons for both opinions, that is, those favorable and unfavorable to evolution, be weighed and judged with the necessary seriousness, moderation and measure, and provided that all are prepared to submit to the judgment of the Church, to whom Christ has given the mission of interpreting authentically the Sacred Scriptures and of defending the dogmas of faith.

Some, however, rashly transgress this liberty of discussion, acting as if the origin of human from pre-existing and living matter were absolutely certain and now proved by what has been discovered and by what has been drawn from these facts, as if there were nothing in the sources of divine revelation which might here impose the greatest moderation and caution.

Pope Pius XII in *Humani Generis*.

culed such naïve notions, and developed a contrary principle that "every living thing comes from an egg." Now we are not so sure. But it is still hard to imagine all the ideal conditions, fortuitous circumstances, and catalytic factors which might have developed first life from nonlife.

In our elementary biology course we did not learn much about man, but it was clearly implied that his body need not be an exception to the general process by which earlier and simpler forms of life developed into later and more complicated ones. Anthropologists simply took it for granted. We don't like the notion of apes in our family tree, but we cannot deny that even the most beautiful human body has the same basic physical structure as a chimpanzee.

In our college days it seems that historical evidence to back up the theory of human evolution was not abundant. There were hints of Java men and Peking men, of Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon types. But still everyone seemed to be looking for the "missing link." Since then diligent diggers have found our family skeletons in various cavernous closets—and all new discoveries seem to fit nicely into previous theories.

While we were studying biology, the Scopes "monkey trial" in Tennessee hit the headlines of our newspapers. Our sympathies were frankly with the monkey; it didn't seem fair to blame him for the monkeyshines of two of the nation's most famous lawyers, or for the mass hysteria

created by the threat of a "bar simian" on the family escutcheon.

You know about the Scopes travesty from *Inherit the Wind*, but in the days of the trial the issue was not as utterly false as it may seem to us now. For 50 years the slogan of the atheist had been: "Man is descended from the ape. Hurrah! We don't need God any more! Chance has replaced the Creator!" The beautiful scientific theory of evolution acquired bad reputation in religious minds because of the company it kept in its adolescent years. It has since been baptized and tamed, it serves science faithfully, and it gives magnificent glory to God, if it is rightly understood.

THE FIRST problem in human evolution is that anyone who believes in the spirituality and immortality of the soul cannot postulate its natural development from lower animal life. However, this problem can serve an important purpose: it should remind us that our evolution is the constant work of a Creator, who is apart from the world, who gave existence to everything in the world, who drew up the blueprints for every step of creative change, and who keeps his sustaining and guiding hand on the smallest amoeba and the farthest star.

The religious problem of the average scientist is unconscious. He is immersed every day in the material aspects of the world: its natural laws. He seldom has reason to think of a

creative power beyond his matter and energy. So by habit he drifts into an attitude of monism, which holds that the created world is all there is, that it is eternal and unlimited, and that it has inherent in itself any "divine" powers which may be needed to explain its existence and activities.

Notions like these are evidently contrary to Catholic doctrine, but they are not a necessary part of evolution. They may result from a conscious effort to push a personal God from the picture, or from the unthinking daily attitudes of a man who saves his faith for Sundays.

To the man who believes in God, the theory of evolution gives most impressive evidence of divine power, wisdom, and constant presence. Surely it requires better planning to develop a vast and complicated world from simple beginnings than to form it all ready-made in the divine workshop. And a growing, changing, purposeful world requires a more active, lively Providence than a static prefabricated world.

We all know that creation is a continuing process; things made from nothing do not stay in existence without the Creator. But still, if God had made everything in finished state right in the first six days, the rest of divine history would be a perpetual Sabbath. He could just sit back and watch his machine work, merely holding on to the string of its existence. In an evolutionary world He must be on the job every moment to perfect his creative work.



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Once we get this idea of God's personal power in evolution, the special creation of man's soul offers no great problem. Just because He chose to perform most steps in the process in accord with natural laws, using secondary causes, is no reason he must perform every step that way. He is free to exert his power directly when He wishes.

It is our firm Catholic belief that God created your soul and mine, and that of every human person, by a direct personal act. We are made in his image, and this quality cannot be transmitted by genetic process. We do not inherit our spiritual souls from our human ancestors; so Adam presents no special problem. Certainly he could not inherit his immortal soul from some subhuman ancestor he might have had. God intervened in a special manner for Adam and Eve, just as He did for you and me.

You ask, Laurie, if the Church accepts the theory of evolution? Certainly Catholic theologians did not jump on Darwin's bandwagon right from the start, and if they had they would have been pushed off by Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel, and the like. But I have mentioned a couple of priest-scientists who were at ease with evolution. And I remember another one: Canon de Dorlodot, a venerable old man whom we used to see on the streets of Louvain. He was a great admirer of Darwin, and I have just finished glancing through a little book which he wrote 40 years ago to show that a theory of evolution

much more thorough than Darwinism would not be contrary to Catholic doctrine.

He claimed that such theories were rather common among early Fathers of the Church, even up to the Middle Ages. He cites particularly St. Gregory of Nyssa, who writes of nature as an artist, the cause of the world's development; and St. Augustine, who believed that in his original creative act almighty God had implanted in nature "seminal forces"—the seeds which would be effective in future development.

There is another big problem, Laurie, and I don't have much space in which to discuss it. What about the seeming conflict between the theory of evolution and the inspired story of creation told in the first three chapters of Genesis? Frantic fear of this conflict created the false issue of the Scopes "monkey trial." Does not the inerrant Word of God tell us plainly that the whole world and every living thing in it was created in six short days, and that man's body was molded out of dust by the artistic hands of the Creator Himself?

I WOULD suggest that you get out your Bible and read those three chapters, but keep a few essential points of literary interpretation in mind while reading them.

1. The author of Genesis did not see creation take place. Neither did any other man. There is no evidence that God revealed the details to him.

2. The author's purpose was to

teach religious truth, not science. The simplicity of his cosmic concepts is evident: his world was a large plate floating on a vast expanse of waters; it was covered by an inverted bowl, blue and beautiful, in which the sun, moon, and stars were stuck; this bowl kept the waters above it from swamping the earth, but it had floodgates which could be opened to let the rain come down. Need I go on? Remember that he was writing for people who had the same ideas; he used language they would understand. Just one mention of nebulae, electrons, or chromosomes and they would have thrown his book away. It would have made no sense to them.

3. The author of Genesis neither argues for evolution nor against it. The idea never occurred to him; he had never heard of it.

4. More than 15 centuries ago St. Augustine warned us against naïve notions in interpreting the Scriptures. We must know an author's intent, style, figures of speech, and form of writing before we can get his message.

5. Genesis gives two completely different accounts of creation: the one of seven days, and the other of God the sculptor. Both represent stories which were traditional and well known to the people for whom they were written. The inspired writer used these folk tales to teach religious truths.

6. The seven days are seven poetic stanzas, which serve as an aid to memory, and point out to us the im-

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portant lesson of the Sabbath rest.

7. The story of God the sculptor, anesthetist, and surgeon is evidently figurative: God comes down to earth, molds clay, blows breath up the argil nose, stages a parade of animals, carves a rib, walks in the garden, and talks casually to man and snake.

WHAT IS the real meaning of it all then? Most of its teachings seem matter-of-fact to us. But they were quite unique and much needed in the world of their day.

1. There is only one God; He is deeply concerned with the world and takes a personal hand in its affairs.

2. God is not part of the world. He made it—all of it—right from the beginning.

3. His creative power is the cause of every single thing: the dry land and the seas, the plants and the trees, the wild beasts and cattle and creeping things—as well as the stars in the firmament.

4. Everything God made is good.

5. Man is a special work of God. The Creator planned man carefully, molded him with loving hands, and gave him life by a special act.

6. Man is the most important creature on earth. In the first story man's creation comes last: a culmination of all the other work. In the second story man comes first.

7. Man is made in God's image, and his special nature makes him master of the birds and beasts, and of the whole world.

8. Man's natural mortality may be implied by the fact that he is made from dust.

9. Woman is made in the same nature as man: flesh of his flesh, made to be his companion, his helper, and even his equal, as none could be found among the animals.

10. The relationship of man and woman is right and good: a part of the plan of God.

I shall not get into Eden, inviting—yes, tempting—place that it is! That is another story.



SISTER EATS HER WORDS

A girl who works at the Golden Valley village hall near Minneapolis, Minn., telephoned a contractor at his home on a business matter. He wasn't there, so she left her number with the child who had answered the phone.

When no return call was forthcoming, she called back. The same child answered again. "Did you give your father the number I left?" she inquired.

"No," replied the child.

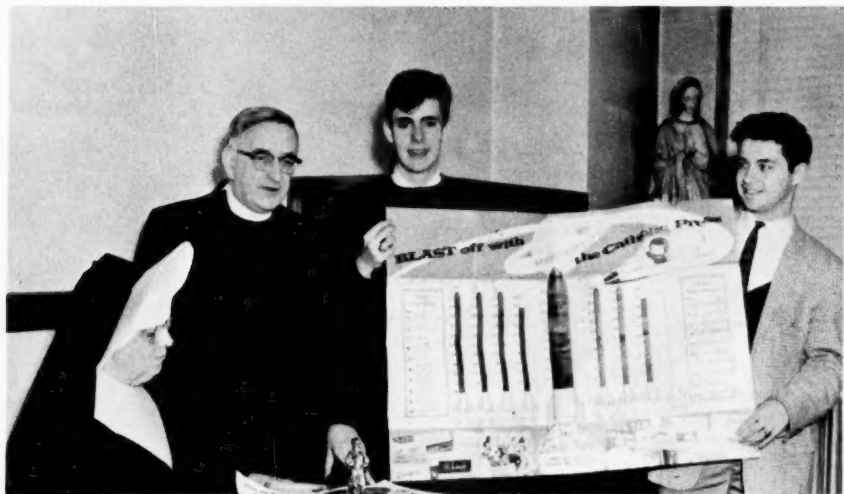
"Why not?" inquired the girl.

"Because my little sister ate it," the child explained.

Minneapolis Tribune (30 March '61).

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A MESSAGE FROM the publisher . . .

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE chance to re-live, as spectator or participant, the exciting pageant of the lives of the Saints? To visit the scenes where they acted out the drama of their lives?

In Assisi you can walk the streets, little changed in aspect, where Francis, most universally loved of all the Saints, once walked. You can look down, as he looked down, upon the Umbrian plain which seems shrouded in a mystic haze that is the natural environment for the angels who were his familiars. In Siena, like Assisi still so medieval in aspect, you can visit the rooms where St. Catherine, one of the great women of history, played as a girl and where she prayed.

In Rome you can go for an afternoon walk down Via Giulia, drab now but once the most brilliant street in Renaissance Rome, and the genial St. Philip Neri, surrounded by children, will walk ahead of you. For at this end of Via Giulia is the Florentine church of St. John the Baptist where he spent the last years of his life, and where he lies buried. A few minutes further on is the church where St. Francis Xavier preached a Lenten course in 1538 before he sailed off to set the East ablaze.

ANOTHER TEN minutes' walk brings you to the house where St. Ignatius of Loyola lived and worked. Here is the room in which he used to read the letters written to him by Xavier from far off India and Japan and Malacca. This is the room in which he died and in which St. Francis Borgia would later die. Here is the hospital in which St. Aloysius cared for the plague-stricken until he was himself struck down. Here is the

refectory where Pope St. Gregory the Great waited upon the poor at table, and the church where you can sit in his marble papal chair in which he may have sat when he sent St. Augustine of Canterbury off to England to plant the Gospel seeds.

HERE IS THE church which enshrines the lovely legend of St. Cecilia. Here is the neighborhood where that other Augustine, the great Bishop of Hippo, but not yet Bishop nor Saint nor Christian, but still living with mistress and child, taught rhetoric while his mother Monica wore herself out in prayer.

TAKE AN electric train half an hour to ancient Ostia. Walk through its ghostly ruins. Here is where Monica, waiting to take ship to Carthage with her son, now Christian and soon Saint, fell ill and where they held sweet converse, as he says in his *Confessions*, as she waited death, and where he held her, dying, in his arms. Back to Rome: Here is where Peter was crucified in Nero's circus. Here is where he is buried, beneath the main altar of the great basilica. Here is the tomb of Paul.

THIS is how it will go with you, if you have this chance. But what if you don't? What if you cannot go to Rome, and to Siena, and to Assisi, and to Liseux and to Down, and to all the other places where lived and died the Saints and where their memories speak to you and their shades walk with you? Must you be altogether deprived of this thrilling experience? Not necessarily. If you cannot visit the Saints, you can bring the Saints to visit you by means of this new book.



St. PATRICK, The Apostle of Ireland, converts the pagan ruler's family when his miracles prove stronger than the Druid priest's "magic."

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LIVES OF SAINTS

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